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# Roaming the West's Fantastic Four Corners

By Jack Breed

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*

WITH no great eye for beauty, a Mormon newspaper in September, 1861, described southeastern Utah as "one vast 'contiguity of waste' and measurably valueless, excepting for nomadic purposes, hunting grounds for Indians, and to hold the world together."

The labyrinthine canyons, soaring mountains, natural bridges, barren flats, and towering pinnacles of this maligned country still do a fair job of holding the world together. But they are far from "valueless," at least to those who will brave the rigors of travel for the thrill of a forbidding but fantastic spectacle.

### Utah's Gems Have a Rough Setting

This 20,000-square-mile quarter of Utah comprises, in fact, a priceless portion of our scenic heritage, and one that is little known. In it are to be found, among other gems, the forgotten Shangri-la of Chesler Park, the silent stone cities of Devil's Lane and Cyclone Canyon, the surrealist sculpture of the Valley of the Goblins, the great 500-foot pillars of Monument Canyon.

Their setting is the Four Corners Country, that gaunt, erosion-gutted sector where boundaries of four States meet: Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.*

One of the largest roadless areas in the United States, the region has always defied exploration by any but the hardiest and most persistent (map, page 711).

Now new roads, spurred by discoveries of oil, natural gas, and uranium, are thrusting inquisitive fingers into the back country. Already a 270-mile route bisects it from Torrey, Utah, on the west to Cortez, Colorado, on the east.

These roads are no boulevards, but they are passable. As more are added, they will present the touring motorist with an opportunity and the Nation with a responsibility. The opportunity will be to tap a treasure-trove of spectacular, unspoiled beauty. The responsibility will be to ensure that this asset is preserved intact for the enjoyment of generations yet to come.

### Where Indians Speak German

By jeep and horse and station wagon I traveled some 3,000 miles in this area, often jouncing over rangeland, deserts, and scarps where a dirt track was a highway and a rocky stream bed an avenue.

The long trek started at Cortez, Colorado. Picking up my guide, Rollin Usher, there, I headed south for the Consolidated Ute Agency, 11 miles away.

"Not many people know anything about these Utes," said Usher. "Maybe you can get some pictures."

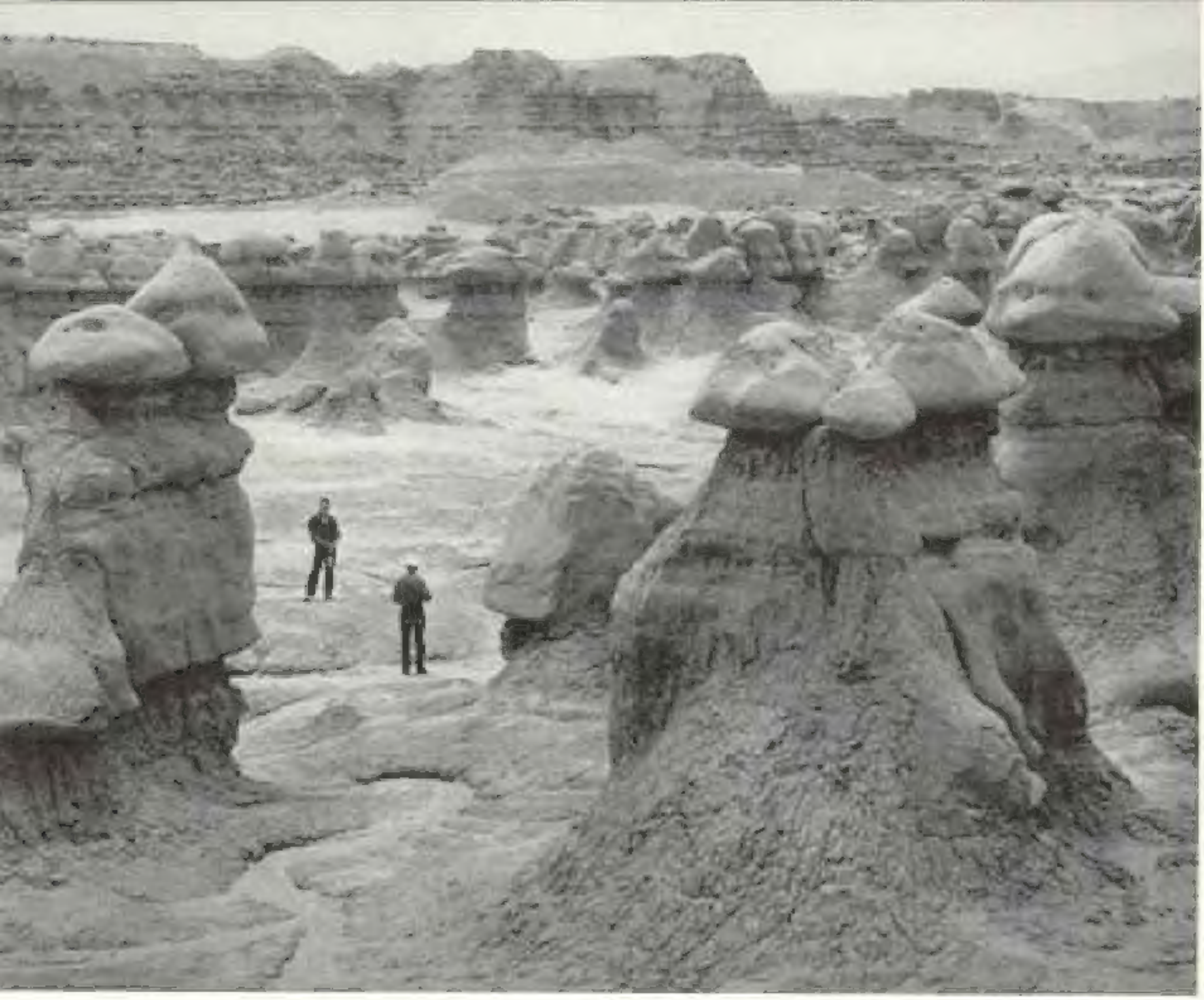
"All right with me, so long as they don't smash my camera."

Under the suspicious gaze of the assembled leaders, I tried through an interpreter to explain our mission. I was making heavy going of it until I tackled the problem frontally.

"What I would like most," I said, "is to take a color picture of the council itself. And I promise to send prints to each member just as soon as I can."

That did it. Solemnly, the council members filed out of the chamber and lined up in front of our station wagon for their portrait. The ceremony completed, we all trooped over to the local trading post for a Coca-Cola.

* See "Flaming Cliffs of Monument Valley," by Jack Breed, National Geographic Magazine, October, 1945.





**Stone Pillars Capped Like Mushrooms Dwarf Two Explorers in "Goblin Gulch"**

The Four Corners Country, where Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico meet, is a geological museum. Rock strata lie exposed in towering buttes, deep canyons, and lonely monoliths. Visitors to the Valley of the Goblins, near Hanksville, Utah, find themselves in a Halloween fantasy (page 726). Lateral erosion has whittled a mushroom forest in the gulch. Hard umbrella caps give protection to these formations.

As I handed the last Ute his bottle, he sang out cheerfully, "*Danke schön!*"

The trader laughed at my astonishment. "Manager of the post here used to be a German," he said. "The Utes got so they did a lot of their trading in *Deutsch*."

Outside the post, dozens of Ute women and curious youngsters had gathered (page 728). The minute I produced a camera, however, they scattered like quail.

To entice them out again, we set up a lure, a jug full of green collared lizards I had caught out on the desert with a fishing rod and a noose. Shyly, the Utes reappeared and clustered about the bottle (page 739). But when I started to pull out a lizard for a close-up, Utes of all ages vanished.

This puzzled us. The Utes are accustomed to the desert and its creatures. Surely they must have known that this little green lizard, *Crotaphytus collaris*, is harmless. We could put down their fear only to superstition—perhaps some notion like that of the Zuñi and other southwestern tribes, who believe that the breath, not the bite, of the lizard is evil and poisonous.

Exploration, however, and not conversion, was our mission. For years I had wanted to make a pack trip into the spectacular and rarely visited Needles country to the northwest. Ross Musselman, I knew, was the man to get me there. We pushed on to his 4-M Ranch, 16 miles southeast of Moab, Utah.*

### In Search of the Needles

Though born and brought up in Pennsylvania, Ross knows the Needles like a dog-eared book. In 1933 he and his brother took a two-months' saddle trip into this section after a pack of wolves. So impressed was Ross that he bought a ranch and moved his whole family out to Utah.

From Ross's ranch our party backtracked for 40 miles toward Monticello at the base

* See "Utah's Arches of Stone," by Jack Breed, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, August, 1947.



**Men and Horses Inch Their Way down the Rock-strewn Lip of a Cliff**

Descending from Grand View Point to the lower rim of Monument Canyon (page 725), the author's party followed a narrow shelf overlooking dizzy depths. Several animals slipped and hung on the brink until men pulled them to safety (page 712). Here guide Roy Holyoak leads his horse over loose rubble. Earl Worthington, safely across, watches on the right.

of the Abajo Mountains, then turned west to Dugout Ranch, headquarters for the Indian Creek Cattle Company (page 714).

Hidden in a remote canyon, accessible by an unmarked road that is passable only when dry, Dugout has one of the most dramatic locations I have ever seen. The entrance trail twists down through Indian Creek until the canyon itself widens into a flat-bottomed oasis half a mile wide and perhaps ten miles long. Fields of grass and alfalfa, bordered by gently swaying cottonwoods, surround the ranch, while in the background rise ruddy sandstone cliffs a thousand feet high.

Herds of the little-known Indian Creek Cattle Company graze nearly a million and a half acres of publicly and privately owned land. Its wealthy owner, J. A. Scorup, now 79, started at 18 with two horses, a grubstake, and five dollars.

At Dugout we refueled our cars, filled our water tanks, bought last-minute supplies, and headed out through the corral gates. The trail picked up the thread of Indian Creek and followed it through beautiful open areas of grassy rangeland. Ahead of us, North and South Sixshooter Peaks pointed the way.

### Bucking a Three-mile Sand Trap

A few miles beyond the ranch we came to the bank of Salt Creek. It was dry as a bleached bone, but beyond it lay three miles of soft, deep sand and many embankments.

"The jeep might get through," said Ross, "but that station wagon won't get 10 feet!"

I looked at the delicate photographic equipment resting safely atop the bed in the rear of the car, and at the other 2,000 pounds of field equipment we had packed in the station wagon (page 730). It would be a tremendous job to take it all out and repack it on restive horses; the jeep itself was already fully loaded.

"I think I'll try it anyway," I called to Ross. "Ben, you and Mac stick as close to me as you can with the jeep—just in case."

I let some air out of the tires and started.



**Sandstone Pillars Cling to the Timeworn Face of a Butte in Cathedral Valley**

Massive formations shaped like Gothic churches gave the valley its name (page 734). Wind and rain may eventually detach these columns from the cliff, forming pinnacles like those on pages 720 and 721.



**Seamed Walls Frown upon a Dwarf Station Wagon and a Pygmy Driver**

Erosion, eating away at ancient fault lines, cuts deep vertical fissures. Horizontal cracks and ridges mark various strata deposited here eons ago when this area was completely ocean.



**Scornful of Sagebrush, a Pilot Takes Off from Monument Canyon's Inner Rim**

Residents of Moab, Utah, were surprised when they learned that supplies were being flown to the Four Corners explorers (page 722). Never before, so far as the author could learn, had planes attempted a landing on the canyon's rugged lower rim. Here the area looks expansive and flat. Actually, a rock ledge marking the canyon's brink lies only 500 feet in front of the plane (page 726).

The station wagon plunged over a five-foot drop into the creek bed, smashing the springs down onto the axles and sending a wave of sand over the car roof.

Jamming the hydramatic transmission into low, I gunned the engine. Like a frightened jack rabbit, the car shot forward, bowling over brush and six-foot junipers and leaping dunes and embankments with all four wheels off the ground.

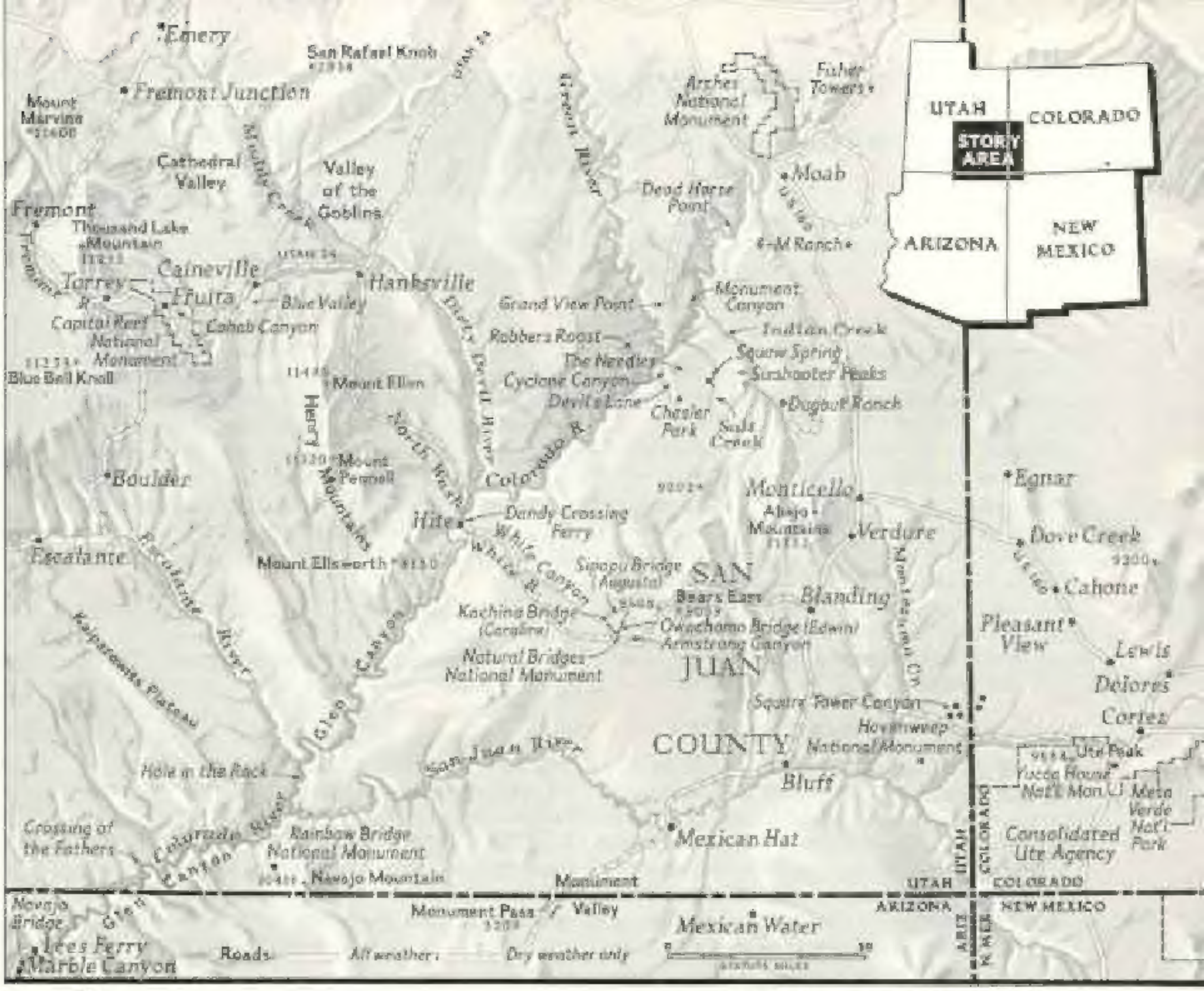
### Chaotic Landscape "Reverses" Compass

My one fear in that hub-deep sand was stopping. But I needn't have worried. The first mile zipped by so fast that it was all I could do to follow the vague and twisting trail. In less time than anyone had believed possible, we had barreled in to Squaw Spring, the site we had chosen for a camp.

We awoke the next morning to make a significant discovery—the sun was coming up just where we thought it had gone down the night before. We weren't exactly original. Ross told us that a New York lawyer he had guided to the Needles one summer swore that "the sun rose in the east only once the whole time I was down there!"

We were, in short, in country as confusing as a Coney Island fun house. For thousands of square miles the land was gouged into a maze of canyons and mesas, split by innumerable fingerlike reefs. In the clear, dry air, some 5,000 feet above sea level, cliffs miles away appeared to be within arrow shot. Completely mixed up, one could be sure of neither distance nor direction.

To add to the unreal, lunar quality of the landscape, we saw no sign of human habitation and scarcely any wildlife. An occasional range rider from Indian Creek passed this way, looking for strays. Ross asserted that coyotes, ringtail cats, lynx, bighorn sheep, and deer had been seen, but the only "native residents" we saw were snakes, lizards, and a few insects.






Photos by Herbert E. Gleason and Irwin E. Alberts

**Southeastern Utah Is a Maze of Deep Canyons and Sun-bleached Mesas**

Approximately one-fourth of Utah, some 25,000 square miles, lies in Four Corners Country, where the Beehive State touches Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. Here Nature has created a strange landscape. Much of the region is roadless and seldom visited. Exploring Monument Canyon, Chesler Park, and the Needles country, the author and his companions penetrated areas far from human habitation.

Yet, if the terrain seemed relatively barren of animate life, it was rich in geologic history. As the stubbornly meandering streams have cut downward and sidewise against hundreds of layers of rock, they have encountered sections which resisted their erosive action. These became the isolated buttes and mesas now dotting the Southwest's horizon. Where whole ridges stood fast against the water's assault, knifelike reefs were left.

### Great Needles, Nature-made

From such reefs developed the weird skyline of the Needles country. Water freezing in the fissures of these ridges broke off great chunks of rock, carved the remaining sandstone into rough fingers; then, aided by dripping rains and wind-blown sand, into sharp pinnacles and sharper "needles."

To see these sights close up, we branched out from Squaw Spring by jeep, horseback, and on foot. Two of our most rewarding spectacles were Cyclone Canyon and Devil's Lane—sheer-walled corridors 14 miles long and half a mile wide.

Usually, in such canyons, the bottoms are a jumble of rocks and debris rolled down by the streams which first cut their way through. Yet at Cyclone and Devil's Lane we found flat grassy avenues unmarred by rubble (pages 716-17). The canyons, without any visible inlet for water, simply dropped off steeply at either end, like skyscrapered streets at the brink of a gulf.

Even more beautiful was Chesler Park. We approached it by jeep over a 400-foot escarpment, thence down Devil's Lane, and finally through a well-masked passageway in the park's ring of stone towers.

Chesler, named for a rancher who drove cattle into it in 1885, is little more than three miles square but as lovely a spot as the West affords (page 715). Its warmly colored walls rise 600 feet, shutting it off from everything but the clear, blue sky. On its floor lies a blanket of thick grass, patched with acres

of yellow wild mustard; a spring provides fresh water.

We pitched camp in a giant cave hollowed from a stone island in the park's center. This reef was a lovely place. Perhaps half a mile long, it built up to a cluster of pinnacles about 400 feet high.

The cave we used was one of several carved from the island's base. Cowpunchers for half a century or more have used them for camp sites and, by building fences across the mouths of the larger ones, for corrals as well.

Relaxing in our particular niche, we studied the delicate coloring of the park walls—the salmon, gray, pink, beige, and tan shades which gave the little valley such a serene and harmonious feeling. Here was a good place to forget all the problems of the outside world.

Yet even paradise can pall, and we had other sights to see. Packing back to Moab, we dropped in at Howard Shields' Red Rock Lodge and contemplated our next step.

### Peering over Grand View Point

Several years before I had stood at the end of Grand View Point, between the Green and Colorado Rivers, and looked straight down into a strange side canyon of the Colorado. It was not a large or even a beautiful canyon, but it had some gigantic pinnacles rising from its floor that looked well worth investigating.

In Moab little was known of this place beyond its local name, Monument Canyon. Situated in wild country, it was thought to have been probed by no more than a dozen individuals at most.

Climbing into a little plane owned by my friend Puge Stocks, I set out one morning to reconnoiter. Puge bounced the craft off the cow pasture behind his house and spiraled upward above the scarps surrounding Moab.

In a few minutes we covered the 25 miles downstream to Grand View Point. Puge, at my request, circled the cliff, then zooned down into Monument Canyon itself (page 725).

It was an impressive but discouraging sight. The cliff itself was as straight and sheer as the Empire State Building, and twice as high (page 725). Nor did it look possible to climb from the Colorado's deep-cut bed up to the bench, or plateau, on which Monument Canyon sat—a canyon above a canyon. We flew back to Moab.

A trip out to the point by car left us as perplexed as before. Then Roy Holyoak, Moab rancher, told us he had taken horses over Monument's rim once before and knew he could do it again.

Quickly we organized a pack trip. Russ Mahan and Earl Worthington of the National Park Service got time off to join us. Puge Stocks and Glen McFall agreed to shepherd us from the air and to drop supplies as soon as we located our camp.

By noon of one May morning we were ready. The pack mules and saddle ponies had been trucked to Grand View Point (page 731). All we needed was a trail down over the rim.

### Moving a Tree Reveals the Trail

"Where do we go from here?" I asked Roy.

"Just walk over to the edge, move that dead juniper out of the way, and you'll find a trail."

Russ and I had passed that spot several times and had never seen a sign of a break in the rim. I moved the dead tree. Sure enough, there was a two-foot gap leading down to a narrow shelf notched against the cliff. Below lay more than 2,500 feet of very empty space.

I turned to Roy. "You mean we're going to take horses down *that*?"

"We sure are," he said with a grin. "Let's go!"

All went well for the first two switchbacks down the sheer cliff face. By then Roy was on the fifth level, and the rest of us were on successive rungs above, as if on a step-ladder (page 707).

Suddenly Earl's pack mule became frightened, cut inside his horse, and shoved it halfway over the precipice. The other animals, panicky, began to bunch and to let loose a rockslide that forced Roy to duck under a ledge.

### Traffic Jam on a Precipice

Where the horses and mules had huddled, the trail was less than three feet wide. Earl's mare was sitting on her haunches, her back to the cliff, pawing desperately at the ledge for some kind of foothold. We thought she was a goner, that she would slip off to her death on the rocks far below.

In perhaps half a minute, which seemed like half an hour, she managed to catch one front hoof in a tiny crack and to regain, momentarily, her balance. But now all the pack mules decided to turn around. In no time, three of them had their rumps to the rock wall, their forequarters hanging over the abyss, while the fourth animal tried to jam itself behind the others.

Earl took a chance. He picked up a rock and heaved it at the fourth mule. It worked. The animal backed away and stood still.

As Roy led his own horse and mule down to the bottom and slowly climbed back himself, we all froze where we were, and the animals, luckily, followed suit. Soon Roy and Earl, inching up the trail, managed to reach the bunched beasts, disentangle them, and lead them, one by one, to safety.

Letting out a great sigh of relief, we made





Utah Cowboys Round Up Strays in a Wilderness of Gaunt Buttes and Hidden Canyons

Travelers Who Pass This Gate Leave Comfort Behind

[illegible]

**Geyser Pass's Eroded Spires Ring a Green Oasis.** In This Southeastern Utah Setting a Jeep Looks Lost in Deserted Eye

Stone Peaks Rise Like Cathedral Spires Above the Jagged Walls Among Devil's Lane

[illegible]

**Utah's Wild Four Corners Country Is One of the Largest Roadless Areas in the United States**

[illegible]

▲ Switchback Trails Force Jeeps to Zig in Low, Zag in Reverse

[illegible]

▼ Horse and Man Seem to Agree: It's Tough Going

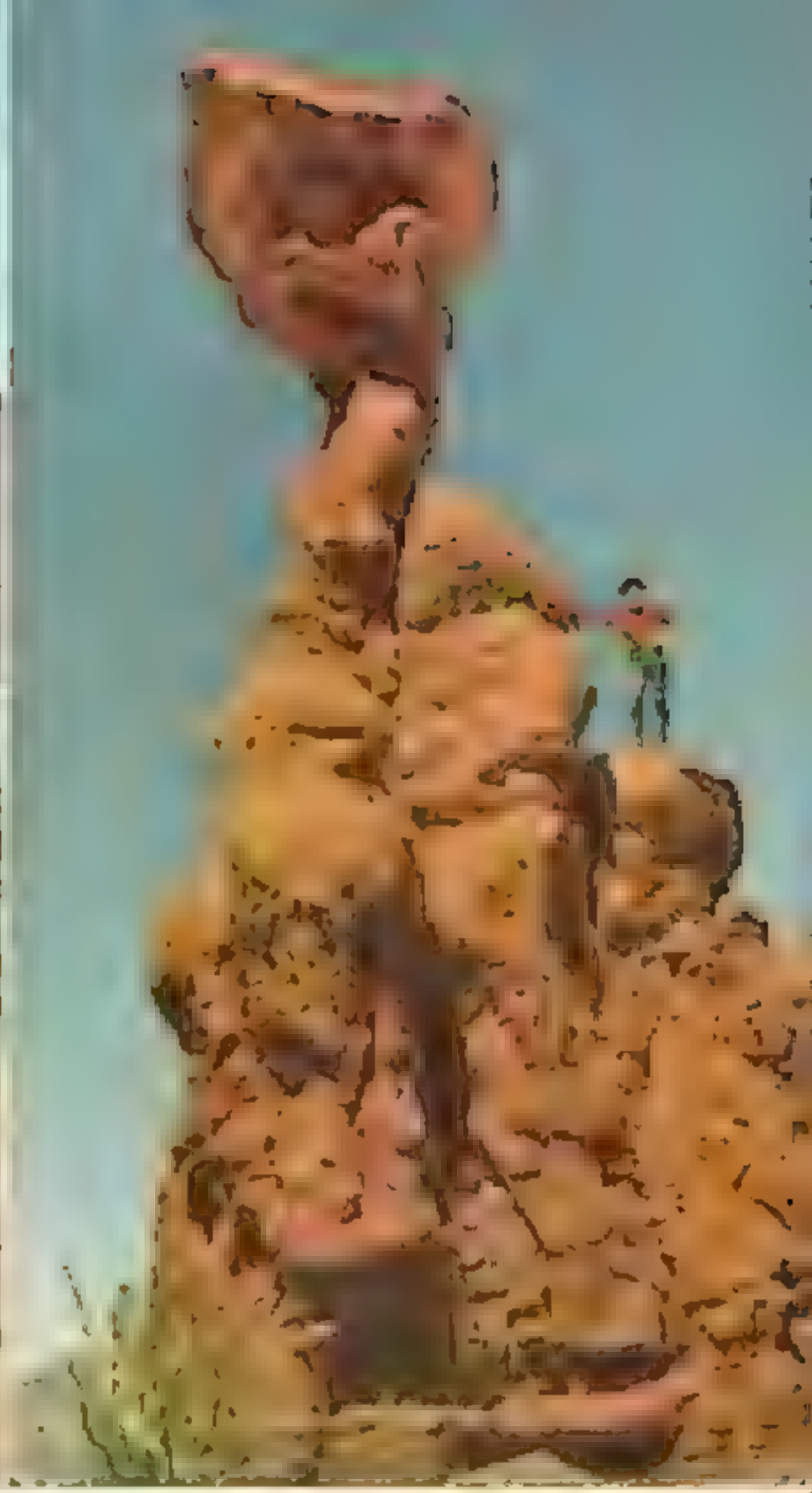
[illegible]

In Desert Close a Man May Drink and Cool His Brow but Never Bathe in a Pothole

From Monument Canyon's Brink, Pillars Hundreds of Feet Tall Appear Less Toothpicks

**Needle as High as Washington Monument Bears This Geologic Questions**

[illegible]



**Beans for Breakfast? New Jersey Memorial Canyon Explorers Start the Day with Vertical Freestyle Sandwiches**

## Line Roman Columns, Monument Canyon's Stupendous Spires March in Line

[illegible]

Cattle and Horses on Flat Thereafter the Sagebrush at Utah's Lonely Needles Range, "Land of Rough Enough and Tough Enough"

Tired Horses Enjoy a Well-earned Drink after a 2,500-foot Climb down Grand Wash Pass (Background)

## Meet "The King's Men" — Three Stone Giants Guarding A Gulch

## From These Lives a Vanished Race Draws Intruders

Late Mothers Display Sleeping Possesses Tucked Away in Sling Cradleboards

[illegible]

a quick resolution. For the rest of the descent we would allow only one group at a time to go down the scarp; the rest could wait at the top for their turn.

This system prevented any further mishaps until we were nearly at the bottom. Then, on the steepest part of the trail, the rear cinch on one of the mules broke. At once the 300-pound pack began to slide up over the animal's head. Blinded, the mule swayed, slipped, and hung pawing the rock, half over the brink.

This time we were ready to write off the mule as a casualty for sure, but we reckoned without its will to live and without Roy's alertness. Somehow the mule held its footing; somehow Roy got up the trail in time to grasp its reins and yank it back to life.

Once on the lower rim, we found the route to the canyon's edge an easy ride. From its lip we stared out across rocky and barren country, awed as much by the sheer size and knifelike abruptness of these cliffs and canyons as by their coloring (page 720).

When we had drunk our fill of this stupendous sight, Roy led the way back to a sandy grove of junipers. Here we set up camp and raised the flags of the National Geographic Society and the Explorers Club of New York (page 722). Sleeping bags were rolled out on the sand, a fire started, and a rich mulligan stew set bubbling in the Dutch oven.

### Visitors Drop In, the Easy Way

At sunrise we arose for a vigorous day with the cameras, only to be greeted with rain and a heavy overcast. "No pictures today," I sighed.

Saddling up, we set out to explore the base of the cliff anyway when suddenly, down over the end of Grand View Point, appeared two airplanes—Page Stocks and Glen McFall.

Galloping down to a small, sandy slope about two miles from camp, we waved frantically, and wings dipped in recognition.

"I think he's going to land!" yelled Russ in amazement, pointing at Stocks' plane.

He was. Swooping low over the rim, scornful of rocks, cacti, scrub, and potholes, Page planked his craft down on the little slope. His landing gear vibrated like a banjo, but didn't strap. Soon Mac brought his Taylor craft right down beside Page's.

Roy Holbrook, who had ridden pack trains all over this terrain, seemed unable to believe his eyes. "An airplane on the rim of Monument Canyon. And not one, but two. The folks back in Moab just aren't going to believe this."

Page shrugged off such talk. "Here's your mail, the mail, and the morning paper," he said briskly. "Now let's clean up this airstrip a bit."

We sat and stared at him. That hair-raising trip by pack horse down the cliff face, the tedious trekking, the careful planning—had all that work been unnecessary? Weyly, Roy [illegible] "Well, [illegible] replaced the horse for this country."

### Down into Monument Canyon

We had still to essay the depths of Monument Canyon on foot. From the rim it didn't look too difficult. Closer inspection, however, showed that the rim had a bad overhang with a 50-foot drop to the closest talus slope. With a long rope we might have slid over, but it would have been quite a job to get back up.

Roy, as usual, came to the rescue. Poking around, he revealed a hidden break in the rock which let us squeeze under the overhang and then, by a series of switchbacks, descend to the slopes of rubble slanting down to the canyon floor.

In 15 minutes we were on the bottom and studying the fantastic 500-foot monoliths (page 721). From a distance their fluted sides resembled the windowed walls of skyscrapers. On their topmost floors some of them wore, like little observation platforms, a protective cap of white sandstone. Stand fine on it—if one could scale that height—one would be nearly as high as tourists at the top of the Washington Monument and blessed with as striking a view.

The feeling I had had when skimming over the canyon by plane was reinforced by acquaintance with its pillars from below. They were not so much beautiful as overwhelming. I was reminded of a brilliant passage from Wallace Stegner's book, *Mormon Country*, in which he describes such great strata as "two or three petrified minutes of eternity."

To face them, he asserted, is "worse, in some [illegible] than facing eternity itself, because eternity is a shadow without substance. Here is [illegible] of a few minutes, geologically speaking. Here are thousands of feet of rock patiently deposited over millions of years buckled up into the air with the slow finality of an express engine backing into an orange crate, and as patiently being worn away over other millions."*

### Canyon a Box-within-a-box

We found the canyon floor virtually barren of vegetation except for a few clumps of bunch grass studded along the talus slopes. But, though rough and trailless, it was open and not hard to explore.

The canyon itself was a kind of box-within-

* Copyright, 1942, by Wallace Stegner, New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.

The Author Surveys a Wagonful of Equipment. What a Repacking Job He Faces!

[illegible]

[illegible] floor. The outer box was the steep rim of the [illegible] gorge some 2,500 feet above the rim of Monument Canyon. This rim, where we made our camp, forms the inner box. So within that inner box is Monument Canyon, its floor some 600 feet below the rim.

Perhaps just because it was a relatively small canyon, Monument's great spectacle [illegible] seemed all the more impressive. Even more startling, however, was something else: [illegible]. The canyon was filled with a silence that was almost tangible.

The sea of a cloud covered the full breadth of the canyon, and even the [illegible] of the rim [illegible] for nearly a mile. Then [illegible] and [illegible] were hiding [illegible] heavily into a long [illegible] would [illegible] them to [illegible] up and [illegible] with the [illegible] of a dozen thunderstorms.

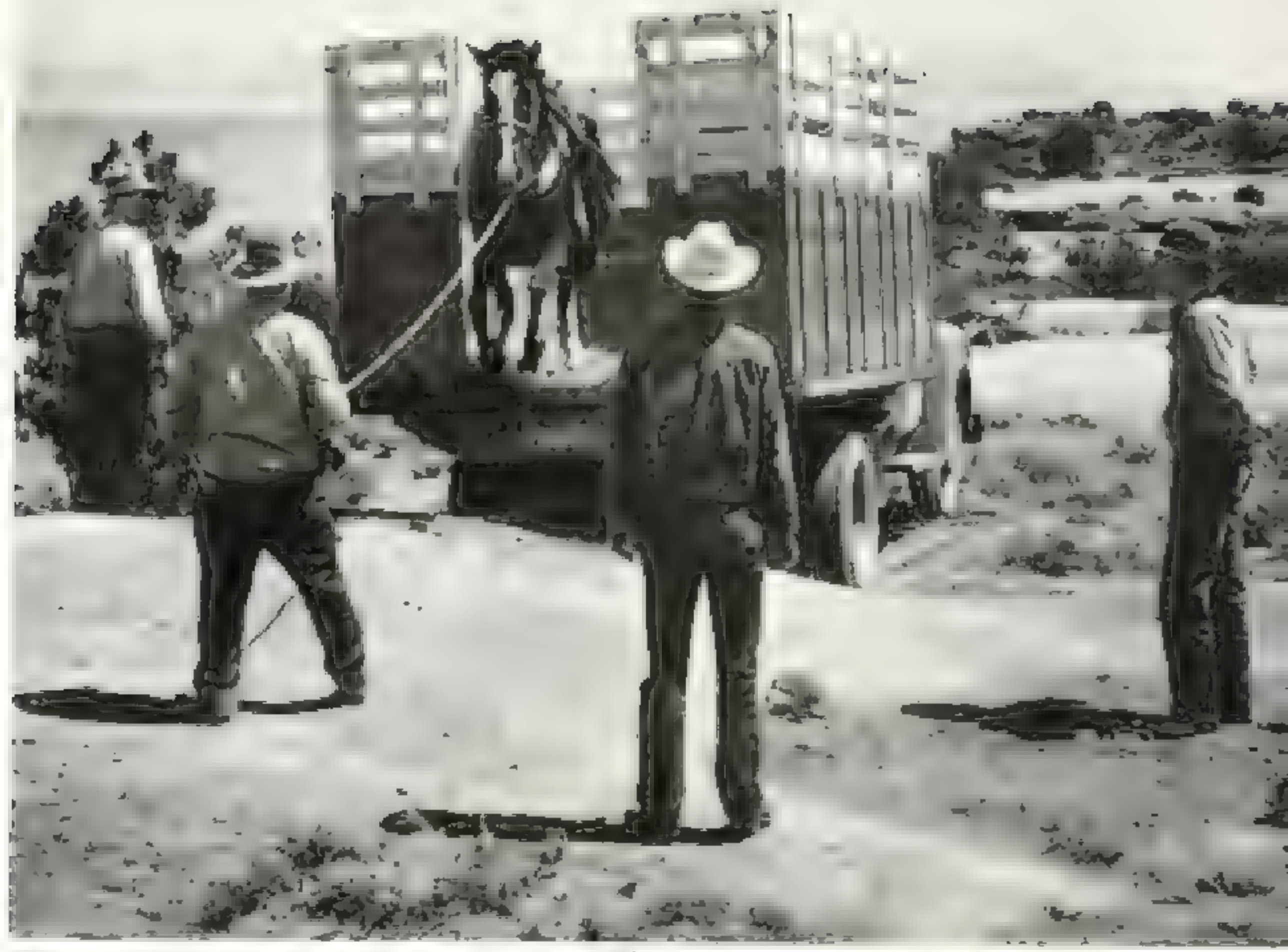
Most [illegible] thunderstorms [illegible] in southern Utah. Great storms build up over the [illegible] Plateau and come [illegible] Canyon with [illegible] clouds and strong winds. Such storms [illegible] Monument Canyon.

[illegible] Bates Wilson, superintendent of Arches National Monument, at [illegible], joined Ben Cornwell and me for a trip down to the Natural Bridges country. Leaving U.S. Highway 160, we went south over an old road to Indian Creek and on to Monticello.

## Atomic Age Comes to Back Country

Long the seat of San Juan County, this once green little [illegible] town — [illegible] by Mormons — has now become the center of an oil and uranium boom. [illegible] Monticello and [illegible] and a new [illegible] plant at [illegible] on the Colorado River [illegible] to [illegible] handle only [illegible] of the [illegible] Commission.

Oil companies using airplanes and [illegible] copters are mapping rock structures from the air. Teaming up with the Atomic Energy Commission, the State, and the county, they are now [illegible] roads and [illegible] new ones.



Rough Going Ahead! Only Horses and Mules Can Conquer Some Utah Trails

[illegible]

What [illegible] San Juan [illegible] when the [illegible] Mormons [illegible] Now they are [illegible] Atomic Age.

### Zeke's Best Friend Was His Mummy

From Monticello [illegible] over the [illegible] to Natural Bridges National Monument.*

First custodian of the monument [illegible] Zeke Johnson. [illegible]

[illegible] Zeke [illegible] bridges [illegible] pages [illegible] and [illegible].

From [illegible] Armstrong Canyon [illegible] the White River.

* [illegible]

Sipapu, the third and largest span, rises several miles farther up White Canyon (opposite page [illegible]). It is [illegible] 268 feet long, 53 feet thick, and 220 feet high. Because its abutments now set back a long way from the stream's main channel, the water can no longer exert much erosive pressure on the great arch.

Sipapu's geological origin, like that of the others, is simple. At a sharp bend of a meandering river, water seeking a straighter course eventually bored right through the rock wall. Sand blown by the wind polished the hole and left the finely contoured span we see today.

Not quite so simple was the matter of nomenclature. Owachomo, Kachina, and Sipapu were once known, respectively, as Edwin, Caroline, and Augusta, after early explorers or their relatives.

To the United States Board of Geographic Names, these titles apparently seemed a little flat. When the bridges became a monument, the Board cast around for appropriate Indian names.

Unfortunately, the Indians of the vicinity weren't in the habit of naming bridges; they referred to them all, indiscriminately and rather indelicately, as Ma-Yah-Talk-Tump, or "Under the Horse's Belly."

Undeterred, the Board turned to the Hopi, who were then thought to be descendants of the prehistoric Indians who had inhabited southern Utah. Edwin became Owachomo (meaning "Rock Mound," applicable to the beehivelike formation at one end); Caroline became Kachina, as related above; and Augusta became Sipapu, for the Hopis' "Entrance to the Underworld," from which their ancestors were presumed to have emerged.

### The Rustlers of Robbers Roost

From Natural Bridges a new road enabled us to continue westward another 40 miles through White Canyon to the Colorado River. Long a hangout of outlaws and rustlers and the scene of many an Indian skirmish and range war, the area figured prominently in several of Zane Grey's western novels.

One of the most successful and most unusual of the desperadoes was Butch Cassidy, who holed up with his gang in a gulch known locally as Robbers Roost.

Born George LeRoy Parker [illegible] of a pious convert to Mormonism, young "Cassidy" found respectability intolerable. Gathering a gang of free spirits, he proceeded in Robin Hood fashion to make life miserable for the Law, the bigger cattle companies, the railroads, and the banks, from Canada to Mexico and from Nebraska to California.

When he stole horses for a getaway, or lifted a few chickens for a grubstake, [illegible] usually left twice their value in clinking coin. He paid his bills; he gave to the poor; he scrupulously avoided Wyoming, whose governor had paroled him on a promise never to return.

He never shot a man until his final battle, oddly enough, that occurred in South America, where he tried with the help of one fellow rancher to hold off a whole company of cavalry.

People still look up who claim that Cassidy never actually died in that fracas in Bolivia, that he has been seen in Mexico, or Idaho, or some other spot. All I can say is that we caught no glimpse of him in White Canyon.

We pressed on to Dandy Crossing and clanged the bell for Art Chaffin to come over from Hite and pick us up with his ferry, the only means of getting a car across the Colorado on its 255-mile course from Moab down to Navajo Bridge, Arizona.

In a few minutes the one-man barge, powered by an ancient model-A Ford engine, groped across the river on its steadying cables. We drove aboard (page 735).

"Five dollars for the car," said Art, "and 50 cents for each passenger."

"Mighty cheap," I thought, reflecting on the detour it saved.

### Chaffin Makes His Dream Come True

The Crossing's history was not uninteresting, we found. Old Cass Hite, the hermit of the Colorado, had settled here in the 1870's, started a small ranch, panned for gold, and even established a short-lived post office. He is well remembered for having launched rumors in 1894 which started a gold rush downriver to Navajo Mountain. When no gold materialized, angry prospectors drove Hite into hiding for two years.

Years afterward, Mr. and Mrs. Chaffin moved in, cleared land, planted orchards, and set themselves up as a two-person town. Art dreamed of the day when a road would be built down to the river from Hanksville on the west and from Natural Bridges on the east.

His day came on September 17, 1946. After years of patient waiting and many disappointments, Art's road, completed mostly through his own labors, stood ready. Some 350 persons jounced down in 100 automobiles for the opening ceremonies, which

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**This Natural Bridge Is About a City Block Long**

Sipapu arch, 268 feet from end to end, spans White Canyon in Utah's Natural Bridges National Monument. Passing Indians living near its base may have named it for any kind of bridge, Ma-Yah-Talk-Tump, or "Under the Horse's Belly." White men first called it Augusta, then turned to the Hopi language for the more poetic Sipapu, or "Entrance to the Underworld."

Desert Gobar. Sunlight and Shadow Play upon the Massive Naves and Buttresses of Cathedral Valley

**Powered by an Automobile Engine, This Colorado River Ferry Saved the Party a 150-mile Detour**

Cavallerizza Bridge, Tapered to the Contours of an Ax Handle Supports Three Expressways

**Unlike Most Four Corners Marvels, This Bridge Is Accessible by Road**

[illegible]

A Map Overlay — Bodger & Roesy Wonderland Lines 105 Feet Below (Pages 7 Not

Manpower Comes to the Rescue of Horsepower

With [illegible] Valley as a [illegible] The [illegible] had [illegible]

Fleeing a Storm, the Author's Car Leaps Across a Stream

Specially geared [illegible]

included speeches by Utah's Governor Herbert Maw, Zake Johnson, and Art himself. Now several thousand dollars have been appropriated to improve Chafin's trail, and oil and uranium prospectors moving in along it have boosted Hite's transient population to nearly a hundred.

The road up to Hanksville at the time we traversed it was hardly a boulevard. Of its 58 miles, about half is spent crossing and recrossing the bed of North Wash. One disgusted driver reckoned he had crossed it 76 times in 30 miles.

Hanksville itself proved to be a sad spot. Once knee-deep in rich prairie grass, the region around it is now unimaginably barren and desolate. The answer can be compressed into one bleak word—erosion.

The Mormons who settled this section in 1880 were both courageous and determined, but their very efforts to grow and expand as a community were their undoing. Water for irrigation was insufficient and unreliable, and the attempt to wring more from the earth by grazing and dry farming stripped away the topsoil.

In such a situation, perhaps the least useful doctrine for the settlers to have brought with them was polygamy. Yet it was precisely to practice this prohibited system that many of the Mormons came to isolated Hanksville and its environs.

One group holed up at Lees Ferry on the Colorado. When Arizona's Governor George Hunt visited the area, he was told about the polygamy and urged to stamp it out. Said Hunt, after a scant look at the town, "If I had to live in this place I'd want more than one wife myself."

Another group settled near the Capitol Reef buttes. In a certain gulch there, Mormons and their wives hid from the "Feds," and thus it acquired its piquant name, Cohab Canyon—short for "cohabitation," the official charge placed against polygamous Saints.

Such refuges served their purpose well enough. The Government couldn't be bothered to hound lawbreakers so far off the beaten track. Hanksville and its fellow oases developed undisturbed.

When polygamy died there, it fell to a subtler enemy, the economic impossibility of supporting more than one wife on wind-blown acres like these.

### Valley of the Goblins

Mormons of the Four Corners Country have come to take for granted the remarkable scenery that surrounds them. For example, one seldom sees a farmhouse set with an eye to the view, though there are some amazing sites for a picture window.

The Mormon ranchers around Hanksville long have known about the fantastic Valley of the Goblins, better known as "Goblin Gulch," only 10 miles to the north; but they have never made any fuss about it.

This amazing little valley, about eight square miles in area, looks like a convention of freaks. Crowded into its galleries and amphitheaters are hundreds of crazily carved sandstone figures, an inspiration somewhere between the bizarre creations of a Dali and the prehistoric statues of Easter Island (pages 706 and 726).

Staring at this extraordinary galaxy, I could only laugh and think to myself, "What a place for a high-school initiation on some moonlit night!"

Public interest in the gulch dates back only to 1949, when Art Chafin and F. W. Tompkins of San Francisco visited it and took what are thought to be the first pictures ever snapped of its weird formations. Now it is in danger of being loved not wisely but too well by tourists more interested in leaving their mark than in preserving a very fragile whim of nature.

### Where Pioneers Met Their Match

Enthusiastic, but undeniably parched, we left the Gulch and drove west over State Route 24 through badlands as dusty and thirsty as ourselves.

The deserted settlements we passed bore route evidence of the struggle which Mormon pioneers made to cultivate this forbidding country, only to be forced away by flood and erosion from a land that just did not want to be farmed.

Beyond the cottonwoods of Caineville we crunched up the slopes of Blue Valley and prayed that the rains would leave us alone. This stretch of Mancos Formation is one of the worst places in the United States for a vehicle in a storm. In pioneer days, wagons crossing it in wet weather had to stop every 100 feet to have the mud backed from the wheels.

Passing up the narrow entry to Capitol Reef National Monument, with canyon walls towering 1,000 feet above us, we encountered signs warning us to "Get out fast in case of cloudburst!" A good bit of advice, we thought. But how?

Our luck held good, however. No rains assaulted us, and in 30 minutes we emerged from the gorge in front of the comfortable house of the superintendent, Charlie Kelly. From his windows we could look up at the red cliffs and white domes of the reef itself.

Said Kelly, "There's one last place you've got to visit before you head home. And that's Cathedral Valley."


**Roadside Warnings Stop Ben Cornwall near Hite, Utah**

These signs are posted on the route from Natural Bridges to Hite [illegible] motorists [illegible] White Canyon. Bag[illegible]

I thought we had done enough for one trip. But any new place intrigues me, and Charlie, with his steadily pulling contact lens, can be persuasive. Soon we were all bundled back into the station wagon and driving northwest for Fremont, Utah.

Here we paused to pick up a guide, Perry Jackson, and his jeep. Turning off the main road, we began to work our way along the bases of the Thousand Lake Mountain. For [illegible] miles we inched the car over boulders, down stream beds, across slopes, and through treacherous stretches of soft sand.

### Cathedrals in Color

Suddenly the horizon appeared a panorama of vast, bulky monoliths, hundreds of feet high and startlingly colored (pages 703 and 734). Isolated from the surrounding cliffs and [illegible] dissected gray base, dominating its own [illegible]

Setting up camp in an abandoned ranger rider's shack, we started, despite threatening weather, a photographic attack on this strange landscape. It was not simple. The terrain was anything but accommodating. The more we saw of Cathedral Valley, the more we agreed with Charlie Kelly that this was the way to end our long journey through the Four Corners Country.

Those who come after us will have [illegible] easier. New roads are being built, and more will follow. But with such advances will come new dangers, too—the risk of tourists' careless "souvenir hunting" and vandalism [illegible] commercial exploitation of Nature's perishable offerings.

### Scenic Treasures Need Protection

Some geologists and naturalists feel that a sensible precaution would be to make National Monuments of areas like the Valley of the Goblins, the Needles, Monument Canyon, and Cathedral Valley.

This would first require acquisition by the Government of these scenic treasures not already in the public domain. Then a presidential proclamation could put them under the protection of the National Park Service, which now watches over some 23,700,000 acres in the public interest.

Such control would make it possible not only to surround these scenic spots with certain legal safeguards against wanton damage, but also to provide them with ranger service with access trails, and with every feasible means of lessening further accidentally initiated erosion—such as reckless clambering among the Goblins can set in motion.

That day, we trust, will come. The Four Corners Country represents a geologic heritage which, once squandered, can never be replaced.

# Where Turk and Russian Meet

## An American Newspaperman Reports on Conditions Along the "Barbed Wire Curtain," Turkey's Remote Soviet Frontier

By Ferdinand Kuhn

"WHY DO you want to see Turkey's Soviet frontier?" Dr. Halim Alyot, Director of the Turkish Press and Tourist Bureau, asked me as we sipped coffee in his office in Ankara.

"Because," I answered, "it's going to be our frontier too. When Turkey comes into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, an attack on your country will be an attack on mine." *

I said I would like to see what kind of people live on this frontier in the very shadow of Soviet power. I wanted to learn what they thought of their Soviet neighbors, and why their sons had volunteered to fight the Communists in Korea, thousands of miles away.

Dr. Alyot was friendly but noncommittal, reminding me that the whole 350-mile frontier with Russia is a military area.

He thought he could let me go as far as Kars, provincial capital close to the border. He wasn't sure I could get military permission to go all the way to the boundary, 35 miles beyond (pages 745-7, 752, 762).

But Dr. Alyot was better than his word. Within a week I was standing in the tower of a Turkish army post on the frontier itself.

Behind me the mountains and plateaus of Turkey stretched westward for some 800 miles to storied Istanbul and the Straits. Ahead, only 300 yards from the observation tower, was the Soviet Union. (See the new map of Southwest Asia, a supplement to this issue.)

From where I stood, the oil fields of Baku, a major source of Soviet power, were only about 325 miles away—little more than an hour's flying time for propeller planes, much less for modern jets.

### A Look Behind the Iron Curtain

A tall Turkish soldier in a British-type helmet was looking through a spyglass from the tower (page 758).

"What do you see over there?" I asked him. He handed me the glass.

I took a long, hard squint through an aperture in the wall. Straight ahead was a grassy plateau about five miles wide. It was as if a giant had laid out a colossal bowling alley leading into Soviet territory.

The sides of the alley were smooth, rounded hills, as bare of trees as some of the hills I have seen in Wyoming or Arizona. At the end of the alley was a rise just high enough to hide what lay beyond.

From a near-by hill I could have seen the snowy cone of Mount Alagez, 13,435 feet high in Soviet territory. But from the border post the great peak was invisible, and there was no hint of the mighty Caucasus Mountains that rear their heads to the north, between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

The Turks had told me that the Russians had 26 divisions in the Caucasus area, a force greater than the entire strength of the Turkish army. I had expected to see impressive frontier fortifications, but the only visible evidence of this jealously guarded border was a barbed-wire fence that stretched across the huge bowling alley. "The Barbed-wire Curtain," I called it.

Through the spyglass I saw observation posts on the Soviet side, but no soldiers, no villages, no people.

I shivered to think of this treeless no man's land in the winter, when winds whistle down from the Caucasus and the temperature plummets to 30° below zero F.

### Lone Tractor Proves "Mechanization"

Luckily, I was there on a brilliant summer day. The border was as still as the surface of the moon except for the twitter of birds and the droning of a single gasoline engine. I turned and saw a tractor on the Soviet side, slanting down a grassy slope.

After days of traveling through the bare, almost tractorless grazing land of eastern Turkey, I thought the tractor looked as odd as a camel in Connecticut. I asked my Turkish soldier friend whether there were many tractors on the Soviet side.

"Yes," he said with a smile. "Our unit has 35 miles of this border under direct observation at all times. And the only tractor any of us has ever seen is right here, opposite this tower."

The Russians have made many claims that they are transforming Soviet Armenia, next door to Turkey, into a paradise of mechanized farming. But no foreigner can go there to see for himself.

The Turks are sure that this tractor, next to the Barbed-wire Curtain, is there for show purposes, solely to impress them.

I handed back the spyglass and twisted down a spiral staircase into the spotless barracks of the Turkish border guards (page

* Turkey joined the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on February 18, 1952.

Erzurum, Once a Roman Outpost, Guards Democracy's Eastern Ramparts

[illegible]

[illegible]

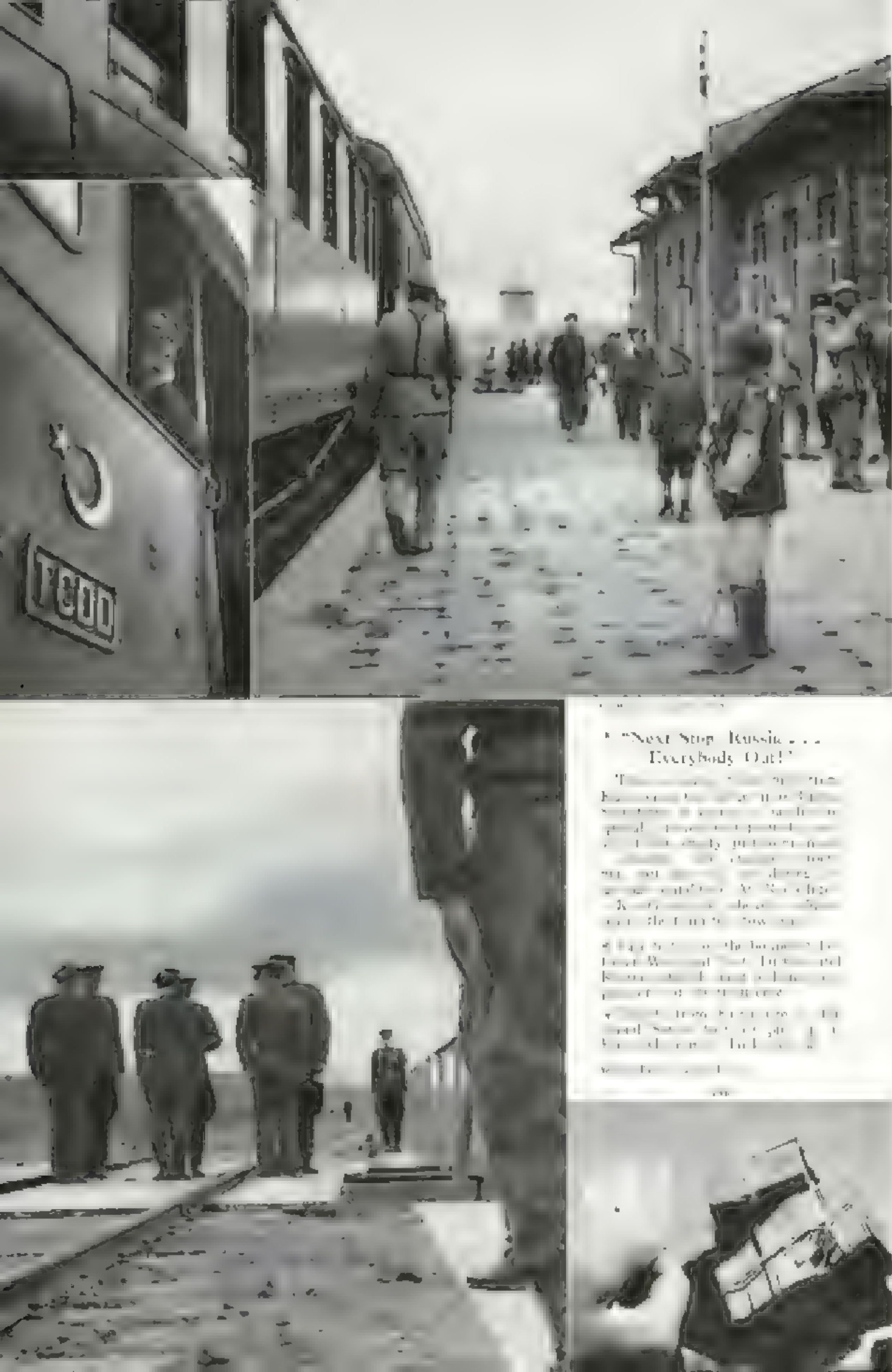
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]


Most Members of the NATO Team Are These "Oscars," Turkey's Tough GI's




## "Next Stop Russia . . . Everybody Out!"

eastern Turkey, where animals are the basis of the entire economy.

The Turkish Government arranged a trader conference with the Russians. Five [illegible] each [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] for [illegible] to settle [illegible].

The Turks, with their usual overflowing hospitality, had loaded the table with vodka, cigarettes and a whole lamb with trimmings and brought enough [illegible] of Turkish coffee.

But they might as well have demanded the surrender of Baku as to have expected compensation from the Russians.

[illegible] the Turkish Government has to pay [illegible] for the Turks and what [illegible] the [illegible] of their short neighbor [illegible] the sanctity of Soviet frontiers—against a horse!

The Turkish Soviet [illegible] is a [illegible] of [illegible] tal of [illegible]. It is the only place in Europe or Asia, except [illegible] in the desolate north of Norway, where the Soviet [illegible] democratic, and traditionally hostile neighbor.

On the National Geographic map which accompanies this issue you will see the black line of a railroad running northeast out of Turkey. That black line pierces the Soviet boundary and runs on to Leninakan, in Soviet Armenia, and to Tiflis (Tbilisi), the metropolis and communications center of Soviet territory between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

This line, too, is unique. It is the only place around the entire 33,000-mile Soviet perimeter where a railroad possibly does connection between the territory of the North Atlantic allies and the Soviet Union.

Today this connection is more theoretical than real, for the cold war has frozen all Soviet-Turkish [illegible] only an occasional diplomat uses the railroad on official business.

Yet a train still runs. Every Wednesday [illegible] except when snowdrifts block the line, it runs slowly uphill from the city of Kars to the Barbed-wire Curtain.

Russians Take No Chances: Bayonets Will Prod for Bombs

The train [illegible] Soviet [illegible] Russian [illegible] of the few Westerners who enter and leave Russia [illegible]. At this point, Soviet border guards inspect every foot of undercarriage.

I saw the train and watched the solemn [illegible] of its border crossing.

It had a tall-stacked engine, built, I guessed, around 1890, although I could find no [illegible] on it. It had a coal car, a [illegible] car, and a passenger car.

Except for one package, the [illegible] was empty. The passenger car [illegible] Turkish train crew [illegible] three Turks [illegible] form [illegible] an army lieutenant, a [illegible] and a customs guard [illegible].

### Soviet Guards in Full Dress

The train [illegible] a few yards short of the frontier, where [illegible] culvert. The three Turks walked out and advanced to the boundary, the lieutenant in [illegible].

From the Russian side two officers marched stiffly down the tracks toward the boundary followed by two privates carrying long bayonet-tipped rifles.

All four were [illegible] as if on parade

[illegible]

## Aid to Turkish Farmers May Result in New Crops for American Fields

[illegible]

They wore peaked visored caps and [illegible] the scene around them. Their smart, well-pressed green uniforms were brightened with red trimmings and [illegible]. Clearly the Russians were taking this [illegible] seriously.

They [illegible] toward the train [illegible] as frontier guards. Although frontier guards are part of the Soviet Army, they take their orders not from the Ministry of War but from the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the dreaded MVD.

My Turkish interpreter, [illegible] Ali [illegible], who had met Russians at [illegible] during the war, whispered to me to come and see the show.

"But don't take a picture," he warned. "They mustn't know you're an American here."

Probably the Russians were [illegible] of the [illegible] of the Turkish [illegible]. I was wearing a khaki [illegible] with a white shirt, and I might have passed for a Turkish official. But Ali, who is as tall and rangy as a Texan and as good-natured, was wearing a [illegible] suit and trousers that were as American as a [illegible].

The Russians [illegible]. The Turks turned over [illegible] the passports of the train crew and the list of [illegible], presumably the single passenger on the [illegible] car.

### Bayonets Probe for Hidden Bombs

I [illegible] across the [illegible] of a [illegible]. The Russians [illegible] to one side, and the train [illegible] slowly onto Soviet soil.

As [illegible] the Russian guards [illegible] under each car with their bayonets, as if to make sure no bombs were concealed there. Then [illegible] behind [illegible] the first Soviet [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible]

In Valleys of Northeast Turkey, Farmers Wrest Food from Grudging Soil

[illegible] Soviet [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Black Sea [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

It covered only three miles beyond the [illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] passengers (if any) must change to a Russian train.

Half an hour later the little Turkish train returned. This time [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was returning without the bayonet [illegible] as it returned to Turkish territory.

### Birds Form an Aerial Escort

I wanted to travel at least a short distance on the [illegible] locomotive, so I climbed aboard for the first few miles of the journey back into Turkey.

Standing on the open platform, with the engine [illegible] on, I felt as if I were on a magic carpet. The green [illegible] [illegible] between the [illegible] hills stretched ahead of me like [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Thousands of [illegible] [illegible] ahead of us as the train rolled [illegible] [illegible]. Some were [illegible] rows, already migrating southward to escape the bitter winter. Some were [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and swallows. They had reddish [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] wings that were [illegible] with several [illegible] of white [illegible].

The [illegible] flocks [illegible] [illegible] rattling [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. They were a more [illegible] [illegible] and more colorful, than a [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Kızılkaya [illegible] [illegible] a grazing center and [illegible] [illegible] one of the most remote settlements in eastern Turkey and one of the nearest to the Soviet frontier.

[illegible] [illegible] at the end of the world at Kızılkaya. (The name [illegible] [illegible], means [illegible] [illegible].) [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] west.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]

**Ottoman Battlements Frown from Erzurum's Earthen Walls**

[illegible]

**Texas No Longer 'Sick Man of Europe,' Texas Is Mecca — Tourists Have Antelope Past a Grazing Herd**

## A Kan's Wide Streets Line City with Tearing Pang

**American Gunners Watch the Skies over a Valiant NATO Nation**

[illegible]

[illegible] American [illegible] per [illegible] These huge black animals are [illegible] and most valuable beasts [illegible]

[illegible] worth $00 Turkish liras [illegible] pounds [illegible] $180—not a large sum [illegible] American [illegible] but more than a [illegible] income for the average Turkish farmer. [illegible] huge [illegible] [illegible] pull [illegible] [illegible] Three [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

It has taken us three years [illegible] remote outpost [illegible] American [illegible] even though I had covered the Korean [illegible] war. Luck had been with me more than once.

We have [illegible] years [illegible] Turkish [illegible] [illegible] Korea [illegible] [illegible]

### Governor Lived in Washington, D. C.

But I did not expected what followed. While I waited [illegible] airport, a stud[illegible] came up and introduced himself [illegible] Nazar. He [illegible] the new governor [illegible].

Do you really [illegible] in Washington [illegible]

"Wonderful," he said. "I used to live in Washington too. I worked [illegible] the Budget in the old State Department

**Turkish Border Guards, Tanned, Tough, and Ready, Receive Their Orders**

Two young military [illegible] Mauser complete [illegible] equipment [illegible]

building. I even had my own telephone extension!

He could not [illegible] he had told me he lived in the White House [illegible] Washington was about to become the first representative of the Turkish Government in a population of 400,000 people on the far-off Soviet-Turkish border.

### Furnished Room—for Turks Only

Niyazi Aki was one of about 30 foreign officials brought to the United States each year and trained in public administration by the Bureau of the Budget. When he came in 19[illegible] he knew [illegible] English he could not even ask for a glass of water.

[illegible] to Springfield [illegible] Massachusetts [illegible] English [illegible] American [illegible] hotel. The [illegible] governor found a room in the home of Mr. [illegible] widow.

Mrs. Ayer had boarded two Turkish boys [illegible] before and had liked them so well that she advertised in a Springfield newspaper, [illegible]

[illegible] governor calls Mrs. Ayer "Mother," and one of the gifts I brought back from Turkey was a pin of black amber from Erzurum, a remembrance for her from her Turkish "boy."

Having learned some English, Niyazi Aki spent eight months in Sacramento, California,

Recruits Learn How to Foil an Attacker Armed with Bayoneted Rifle

[illegible] JAMMAT [illegible] American [illegible] American [illegible]

studying the problems of State governments, and came to Washington for another seven months with the Budget Bureau.

In our capital he [illegible] as well [illegible] American ways, came to like [illegible] Wayne [illegible] and Bing Crosby [illegible] the American [illegible] and other [illegible] of the people.

Now this American-trained public servant was about to put his [illegible] of what could be one of the [illegible] in the world.

As we walked to our Turkish State Airlines plane for the [illegible] flight from Ankara to Erzurum, I asked him whether he was the youngest Turkish provincial governor.

"No," he said. "There is one who is only 34. I am 35. But we have 63 vilayets, or provinces, in this country, and every [illegible] except one has a governor who is over 50."

### Plane Salutes Turkey's President

Just before we landed to refuel at Kayseri, our plane dipped its wings, then, to our surprise, flew almost vertically [illegible] From my window I could see [illegible] a plane took off from the Kayseri airport.

It was the plane carrying the President of the Republic, Celal Bayar, and we were saluting him. The President had been in eastern Turkey, inspecting possible sites for a new university.

We [illegible] over [illegible]-foot Erciyes [illegible]

Sarsaums Breathes Monsoon Air in Climate as Cold as the Far North

[illegible] at the edge of town. Turks fought Russians [illegible] Peter's fort, and the Grand Duke [illegible] to supply his troops. These different [illegible] more than 7,000 feet above [illegible]

on the last leg of the flight [illegible] As we cleared the last of its ramparts, the American [illegible] pilot asked if I would like to sit in the forward compartment with him for the rest of it.

Ahead was a broad valley, green but treeless, with a town in the far distance. The pilot flew directly toward it and for my benefit sailed low over the minarets and the square gray buildings of Erzurum (pages 744, 730).

In a few minutes we landed, and [illegible] was in the middle of the old town. The streets were alive with oxcarts. [illegible] of their wooden disk wheels was a [illegible] the noise of factory whistles [illegible].

Tattered shepherds with bearded, leathery faces were hustling herds of ewes and black goats through main thoroughfares.

This was a vastly different Turkey from Istanbul with its cosmopolitan population and monuments of ancient grandeur. It was different, too, from the streamlined bustling and modern ways of Ankara.

Now I was seeing a more primitive Turkey, where living standards are low and the social-economic revolution of the 1920's is not yet complete. I was also seeing territory that had been soaked in Turkish and Armenian [illegible].

Twice in the last 75 years the Russians have captured Erzurum, once in the war of 1877, which was almost fatal to the decaying Ottoman Empire, and once [illegible], when [illegible] armies of Grand Duke Nicholas poured through Caucasus passes into Turkey.

Later, Erzurum had a prouder distinction. In 1919, when Allied statesmen in Paris

**Among Hills Scarred by Weather and War Runs the Winding Road to Kars**

[illegible]

[illegible] from Turkey [illegible] the [illegible] of an Armenian republic, a Turkish general [illegible] Mustafa Kemal Pasha Ataturk [illegible] [illegible]

From this [illegible] the guns of Allied warships [illegible] great world [illegible] the Turkish nation and founder of the present Republic.

Today, as in generations past, the [illegible] history of [illegible] military [illegible] Along roads leading [illegible] miles of barren [illegible] mile upon mile.

[illegible] Turkish [illegible] anything at any [illegible] of [illegible] from [illegible] problem for the [illegible] that if a Soviet attack [illegible] it will be by airborne troops dropping down like autumn leaves. They are taking no chances.

From Turkish [illegible] explosives [illegible] the Army for [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] expenses [illegible] 2 [illegible] a month.

### Turkish Army Morale High

[illegible] Maj. Gen. William H. Arnold, chief [illegible] American Military Mission for Aid to Turkey, [illegible] the Turkish [illegible] and is [illegible]

[illegible] as has [illegible] that is good enough to [illegible]

The Turk [illegible]


M. Bourke

Sentries Watch from a Tower on Turkey's Skyline

Erzurum Patrol Station commands the valley of the Aras (Arpa) River, which [illegible] the Soviet border. The post [illegible] a related Turkish corps [illegible]

and pride in his country. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that he would fight and die for his country whenever necessary.

My opinion was borne out by witnesses much more expert than I. American officers in eastern Turkey [illegible] I talked to I [illegible] veterans in the field. They know the Turkish soldier at firsthand.

The United States [illegible] officers in Turkey [illegible] the [illegible] for the [illegible] Turkish [illegible] proved through American training courses.

### Blaring Is Banned

The commander of the Americans in Erzurum, Col. Horace R. Frederick, of Hugo, Oklahoma, drove me in a jeep around the old city. I noticed that he drove slowly and never blew his horn or [illegible] civilians from the roadway.

"I'll bet all your drivers aren't so considerate," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, they are," the colonel said. "They have to be."

And he told me of an order he had issued just the preceding day, an order forbidding all drivers of American [illegible] to honk at civilians. He had instructed his drivers to slow down to walking pace whenever moving through a town or village.

To make doubly sure that the order would be obeyed, the Oklahoma colonel paid a call on the mayor of Erzurum. He read the order and asked the astonished mayor, as a personal favor, to report any infraction directly to American headquarters in the town.

This consideration for the Turks has made a tremendous impression on them. The stock of Colonel Fredericks and his men, and of the [illegible] by-[illegible] eastern [illegible]

These American officers believe that they have two jobs to do in Turkey. The first is to prove worthy of the respect and confidence of the Turkish Army and the civilian population. The second is to help in developing the Turkish armed force.

Unless they accomplish the first [illegible] they will not be able to succeed in the second.

Guided by [illegible] Colonel Fredericks and his men have [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Canvas Huts House Turkish Soldiers in a Cliff Mountainside Camp near Erzurum

American Aid Since 1947 Has Helped Turkey Guard the Wild Barren Border Country

**Golden Grain Spells Capital Gains in Turkey's Agricultural Economy**

[illegible] doing much [illegible] In [illegible]

In [illegible] winds swept highlands a [illegible] object of curiosity. I thought of the wooden [illegible] and the [illegible] people who have to live without even [illegible]

But [illegible] was [illegible] As the [illegible] began winding through a [illegible] I had a surprise. [illegible]

[illegible] villages [illegible] [illegible] I might have [illegible] New Hampshire.

### Where 30,000 Soldiers Died

[illegible] the Russians in the winter of 1914–15. This was the [illegible] of Turkey's [illegible] [illegible]

From [illegible] out of the pines, we came [illegible] first sight of Sarikamis (Sare 7[illegible]), [illegible] a dusty valley. We were now in the Province of Kars.

The governor wanted to drive into town, but I had posted a guard of honor drawn up [illegible] building. A big official-looking car was starting up the hill toward us.

Governor, [illegible] wheel. I [illegible] Does [illegible] that you have [illegible] your new [illegible] without waiting for an [illegible]

Reluctantly the governor [illegible] drawn [illegible] of honor [illegible] as the official car pulled up [illegible] the [illegible]. The governor stepped out to [illegible] greeter [illegible]

In [illegible] there [illegible] have [illegible] are [illegible] [illegible] temperature of this Turkish town [illegible] the latitude of New York [illegible] as that of Hammerfest, Norway, north of the Arctic Circle.

In [illegible] setting, so far [illegible], I found in American military training [illegible] cheerfully going about its work and preparing for the winter. These men were cut off from their wives and families for 18 months, stationed in a fierce climate in a distant land. But they were making the best [illegible].

Sarikamis has the [illegible] of [illegible] eastern Turkish town [illegible]

**Bargain Goods: A Prospective Buyer Examines a Serfman Offering**

[illegible] will soon have new American [illegible]

of the Province (page 752), has the [illegible], wide streets and the [illegible] colored [illegible] [illegible] a prosperous Russian town of the 19th century. Town taxis are horse-drawn droshkies, much the worse for wear after [illegible] years of rattling over cobbled pavements. The [illegible] for its Russian appearance is [illegible], but [illegible] was Russian for 43 years, [illegible]

I [illegible] the governor at the [illegible] it. From the outside it looks [illegible] —a handsome [illegible] building with an overgrown garden of marigolds and sunflowers alongside it.

In the [illegible] where people [illegible] a [illegible] Russian town had stood [illegible] Kars [illegible] modern Turkey.

Inside, the governor's mansion was as Russian as the Kremlin [illegible] We walked [illegible] through rooms [illegible] feet long and more, with ceilings 20 feet high.

In the corners stood floor-to-ceiling tiled stoves on which some Tsarist craftsman had lavished his art half a century [illegible]. The Russians had built the house for their [illegible] in the days when they used to rule Kars.

The governor [illegible] on the terrace for a breath-taking view. Far below us the muddy Kars River wound through the valley on its way to join a larger river, the Arpa, thence to the distant Caspian.

Across the river on a steep hill, frowned a [illegible] fortress built by Sultan Murad III [illegible] before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Now the fortress has no military [illegible] except as an observation post.

Behind it, sheltered from the fierce winds that blow from Russia, is a villa which Nicholas II, last of the Romanovs, used as a hunting lodge.

The governor led me away from the view [illegible] where [illegible] of the local officials of Kars had gathered to pay their respects. I was interested especially in talking to the superintendent of schools and the public health officer.

When [illegible] young superintendent said, "[illegible] are not more but better teachers." And [illegible] health officer told me [illegible] people was [illegible] despite of the poor and sometimes primitive conditions in which they live.

**Kars Province, at the Soviet Border, Has an American-trained Governor**

Avnat Ari, youthful admirer of the [illegible] and stomped in Massachusetts, California and Washington, D. C. (page 755). Above his desk [illegible] a portrait of Ataturk, Turkey's first President, the general of genius who broke with the veiled past and built a new nation where Europe and Asia meet.

He was troubled, though, by more than 100 cases of leprosy in the far southeast of his Province, where it borders Iran.

At dinner, in the vast dining room [illegible] governor had as guests two local government inspectors who had come from the capital at Ankara. These young men were of high quality. They won their jobs only after the most rigorous competitive examination, in a group of 60 applicants only four managed to make the grade.

These inspectors spend six months a year traveling to the distant Provinces of Turkey to check up on the performance of local authorities and to offer advice and help.

To them, and to me, the governor talked of his hopes for the people of his Province and of his desire to better their difficult conditions. He assumed that there would be no war if Turkey remained alert and strong.

"We Turks are happy to be free in our own country," he said. "We want the Russians to be happy in theirs and to let us alone."

Remembering his American experience, he talked of the difference between incorporated and unincorporated villages. "You see," he explained, "in this part of Turkey our villages are incorporated, which means that it will be hard to set up consolidated school systems or water plants. But we'll get them; just wait and see."

### One Secret of Turkey's Progress

I discovered then one of the secrets of Turkey's progress in recent years. School [illegible] is not yet universal, but there are now schools in 41 percent of the 40,000-odd villages. No matter how poor a Turkish boy may be, he has an opportunity to take a competitive examination and be trained, at government expense, for a career as a village teacher.

The central government, quite clearly, [illegible] aware of the people and their problems in the [illegible] distant parts of the country. I suspected that this was one of the reasons why every Turk, in Kars and elsewhere, feels that he has a stake in his country and is ready to fight for it.

On a dusty street in Kars, around the corner from the cobbled [illegible] the market, I found an old tailor, Navrus Imar, who had a son fighting in Korea. He was sitting in his shop which he shared with a barber.

I asked old Navrus what he would do if the Moskovs came—"Moskovs" being the universal Turkish name for the Russians, a name that goes back to the old Turkish wars against the Grand Duchy of Moscow.

"I would [illegible] them," the old man said without [illegible] hesitation. "I have a rifle, and I'll [illegible] the land [illegible] against the Moskovs."

There was a special reason why this old tailor hated the Russians: he had been born in Russia, and had been forced to flee to Turkey during the Bolshevik Revolution.

Not far from Kars I met Han Altinet, a Turkish war hero just back from Korea. He had been wounded 14 times at the Battle of the Kunuri (November 27-30, 1950), and he wore the American Silver Star.

"Tell me," I said, "why did you volunteer to go to Korea when you live so near the Russian border?"

"The others in my regiment volunteered," he explained. "Anyway, I thought the best way to defend my village was to stop the Moskovs in Korea."

Handsome Han has been in the United States since then with a contingent of Korean veterans from 18 countries. But he has paid

**Dancers Roll the Bones at Kata**

[illegible]

**Dancers Dodge Death by Inches**

[illegible]

A Turkish Farmer Makes an Offer for Some New "Threshing Machinery"

[illegible] ne the want to separate wheat from chaff

[illegible] for his patriotism. He is a jeweler by trade, and his left arm is so shattered that he may never be able to repair a watch or fashion a brooch again.

[illegible] in Erzurum [illegible] other [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] to the city of [illegible], although [illegible] minutes flying [illegible]

### Turks Keep Cool and Steady

[illegible] Turkish [illegible] Minister of Foreign Affairs [illegible] trip. [illegible] and I was [illegible]

As part of the entertainment, six Kitchener [illegible] [illegible] the skirl of bagpipes

One of the dancers brandished a [illegible]-looking knife as he advanced with [illegible] steps toward his partner. He twirled the knife under the partner's eyes and [illegible] [illegible] steps, in time to the [illegible] drum.

Now it was [illegible] turn. [illegible] [illegible] knife [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] I was [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

# Paris, Home Town of the World

## All Nationalities Know the Magic of the Siren "City of Light," 2,000 Years Old but Young as Spring

By Donald William Dresden

*Who Illustrates as National Geographic Photographer Jacques Lowe*

As I entered the familiar hotel once again, the proprietor's wife looked up from her paper. "Welcome back to Paris, monsieur!"

Thanking her, I said I hadn't thought I would be back so soon.

"But, monsieur!" she exclaimed. "Surely you expected to return?"

I assured her I had.

She beamed. "Ah, yes," she said, "everyone always comes home."

The *patronne* was right. The appeal of Paris is so universal that in a sense the city is everybody's home town.

I have come "home" to Paris many times and in many ways. Approaching it by air at the velvet hour of twilight, I have seen the capital glowing like a bed of hot coals. Wriggling through its suburbs by automobile, I have stolen upon it almost unawares.

But this time I came to the City of Light by train, from the port of Cherbourg across the pastures of Normandy. I liked this approach then, as always, because in the train's own movement I sensed a gathering impatience which matched my own, a crescendo of expectation for the delights of the capital.

Outside my window the farm lands gave way to towns; the towns clotted abruptly into suburbs; the train rushed headlong into the smoky shed of the Gare St. Lazare and drew to a stop. Paris. And home.

On the station platform mustachioed porters in blue smocks and berets swarmed over the luggage. One stocky fellow, a smoldering, hand-rolled cigarette drooping from his lip, snatched my bags and trotted off, favoring me with only one word of explanation: "Taxi!"

### Battle of the Boulevards

Soon I was in one. A rickety antique, it looked as if it had been left over from those commandeered by General Gallieni to rush troops to the Battle of the Marne. With bulb horn squawking impatiently, it sailed into the frenzy of Parisian traffic.

Our arrival at a cident was not long in coming. [illegible] dinner, of course, [illegible] the theater was filled with waving arms, cries of "*Espèce d'idiot!*" and various other phrases not generally found in the [illegible] dictionaries.

Paris, when at length I could settle back in my seat to contemplate it, looked as familiar and as welcome as an old friend. The great plane trees with their mottled trunks and elephant-ear leaves, the lichen-encrusted chestnuts and acacias, all seemed to share with the city its patina of dignified old age, gray but indestructible.

Along the narrow streets crouched the tiny shops I had known so well, their windows whitewashed with price quotations for wine, bread, meat, and other edibles. Kiosks, barricaded with layers of [illegible] posters, and pillars festooned with posters for the theater and opera, told me Parisians had not lost their appetite for politics, polemics, and the arts.

The French themselves, some in patched denim, some as chic as next week's showings, seemed as always to have stepped from a canvas by Renoir.

I left my bags at the hotel and took to the streets again, on foot, driven by the desire common to tourists and old hands alike to swallow Paris at a gulp, to see everything at once, whether for the first time or the fifteenth.

### Where Burns the Flame of France

Walking up the great Avenue of the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe (page 775), I [illegible] Toward it also marched a column of gray-haired Frenchmen. Many limped; all wore campaign ribbons. At the head of the formation strode a standard-bearer with the flag of the regiment.

Under the Arch from which rippled a huge Tricolor of France, these veterans of World War I bared their heads, eyes fixed on the flag and on the bronze plaque which commemorates the Liberation of Paris in August, 1944.*

Their commander then stepped forward, knelt down at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and turned up the flame which burns there, low but constant, in honor of those who fell for France in World War I.

When the veterans had departed, I went up by elevator to the top of the Arch. Here, high above the Place de l'Etoile, I could study once more the twelve avenues which radiate from

* See "Paris Lives Again," by Maynard Owen Williams, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, December 1944.

**Notre Dame, the Seine, Cordon Bleu, Good Table—a Blend of Paris at Its Best**

[illegible]

—the Grande Arche, on Place [illegible] the most grandiose Western Paris arch in [illegible]

[illegible] the Place de la Concorde, [illegible] the Place de la Bastille. [illegible] Revolution.

[illegible] Eiffel Tower, [illegible] Paris [illegible] Safety [illegible] Lanterne [illegible]

**Paris Puts On Her Jewels**

[illegible] Notre Dame [illegible] Louvre [illegible] Place [illegible] Tuileries [illegible] Place [illegible] Notre Dame [illegible]

luminous, majestic. The strange, gaunt frame of the Eiffel Tower surmounted all.

My course took me past tangible evidence of Paris's place in the international scheme of things. Not far from the American Embassy, near the Concorde, W. Averell Harriman had established the headquarters of the Economic Cooperation Administration in a house once occupied by Talleyrand. Now it continued to serve as the focal point for ECA's successor, the Mutual Security Agency, charged with meshing the economic and defensive efforts of America and the free nations of Europe.

On the other side of the river from the Place de la Concorde I glimpsed the Quai d'Orsay, home of the French Foreign Office. Here was signed last year the momentous Schuman Plan for the pooling of Western Europe's steel and coal resources.

Near the Iéna Bridge, on the crest of a hill dominating the Seine, I saw the white Palais de Chaillot, where the United Nations held its Sixth General Assembly (page 775). Not far [illegible] I knew, were the permanent offices of [illegible] the United Nations Educational, [illegible] and Cultural Organization.

Walking through Paris is walking through history, past and in the making. But the centuries sit lightly on the old city.

As I strode along the river, the fog rolled up and street lamps filtered their light gently through the gossamer, spilling a silky radiance on the smooth, black surface of the Seine. Passers-by emerged from the dusk and as quickly disappeared again, leaving behind them only the diminishing beat of metal-rimmed heels on the pavement. Buildings, tightly shuttered, took on an air of mystery.

Seeing these sights, hearing these sounds, inhaling the damp mustiness of Paris, I felt again what so many have felt before me: a sense that this capital of a foreign land was, paradoxically but truly, my "home town."

### Madame Disrupts the Night Air

It is hard, in any event, to feel a stranger very long in Paris. For one thing, hotel-keepers, and especially their wives, take a proprietary interest in their guests. When I retired to my bed with a severe cold, Madame la patronne bounded up to my room with a steaming pot of soup.

"*Eh bien*, monsieur," she said, shaking a finger at me. "You Americans do not understand the danger of a current of air. *Voilà!*" And, spotting a window open a hairsbreadth, she rushed over and slammed it.

"Now eat this," she commanded, and ladled forth a body-strengthening broth delicately flavored with herbs and loaded with tender morsels of chicken and beef.

Next day I struggled to my feet and set out for a walk. I had gone no farther than the lobby when a voice with the authority of a traffic cop brought me up short.

"Monsieur, do you have on your woolen socks and muffler?"

Useless to protest. I retreated to my room and put them on.

At the sacrifice of such solicitude, I took an apartment on the Quai St. Michel, not far from the Rue de la Huchette and the Rue du Chat Qui Pêche, streets immortalized by Elliot Paul in *The Last Time I Saw Paris*.

From my windows overlooking the Seine I could see on my right Notre Dame and its gargoyles (opposite and page 800), on my left the gray towers of the Conciergerie, where Marie Antoinette spent her last unhappy days, and, further down the river, past the delicate spire of the Sainte Chapelle, the classical Pont Neuf.

Views like that are an inspiration, but one cannot eat them. I hired a servant. She was French; therefore, I reasoned, she could cook. I invited a friend to dinner to bask in his praises.

The soup was a signal of disaster.

Then came the chicken. By some strange technique, the cook had contrived to rip the wings and breast from the bird, leaving for my guest and myself a scant bit of inedible carcass and skin. We repaired to the nearest bistro.

### To Cooking School in Self-defense

That was a sufficient solution for the evening. But, for the long pull, I decided on a more basic approach. I enrolled in the Cordon Bleu, Paris's celebrated cooking school.

My first night's lesson was the preparation of a *sauce Béchamel*—in plain American, a cream sauce, without lumps. It came out well. Elated by my achievements, I ladled variations of it over all manner of dishes.

Before long I advanced to *poulet sauté Gabriel*, which is chicken cooked in butter to a golden tone, spiced with shallots, salt, freshly ground pepper, and other seasonings, and then left to simmer for a couple of hours in white wine.

Next step was the discovery that a pound of chestnuts, carefully cooked in broth with a celery root and leeks and braced with egg yolks and seasoning, could make a delightful soup, *crème Clermont*.

As time drew near for the final examinations, I practiced nightly on the preparation of wild and barnyard ducks. I cooked them with oranges, with peaches, with practically every fruit that Paris afforded. I even learned to marinate a goose properly in olive oil, vinegar, chopped shallots, carrots, parsley, and seasoning. My maid looked at it uncertainly.

"Do you think, monsieur, it will taste like goose?"

It did.

The ultimate test, on which my hopes of a diploma rested, called for the preparation—within an hour—of an *omelette Parmentier* (a potato omelette), *canard à l'orange* (duck with orange), and a dozen little tarts stuffed with apple purée and spiked with cognac—*tarte-[illegible]*.

I passed. And afterwards, with the help of two friends and an excellent bottle of Saint-Emilion, I ate my masterpieces. I could truthfully say that it was the best examination I had ever tasted.

### A New Use for a Pavement

Paris was cold that winter, and into the apartment crept the marrow-chilling temperature of the tomb. Lying abed to read the morning papers, I found my hands getting too stiff to hold the pages.

Fuel was expensive, but at least it was not rationed, as it had been in the immediate postwar years.

During that grim period, a French friend of mine, alarmed at the effect of the cold upon his newborn daughter, had taken the matter into his own hands. Late one night he had slipped out of his apartment with a large sack and a pickax. Around the corner he went to work, as quietly as he could, on the street's wooden paving blocks.

He had nearly filled his sack when the shadow of a policeman fell across him.

"And what do you think is under that pavement, monsieur? Gold?"

My friend looked up. "No, monsieur *flagrant*; what I want is on top—the wood. I have a baby in the apartment up there, and not enough fuel to keep her warm."

The policeman shrugged.

"But, the little one—" protested my friend.

The policeman gazed thoughtfully at the sack, then turned away. Over his shoulder he said: "Let us hope she will be warm, monsieur. I have three of my own."

### Gallic Good Will for "l'Américaine"

This awareness that we are all, for good or ill, in the same boat seems to imbue the ordinary people of Paris wherever one lives.

When my wife joined me in the capital, we moved to a 10-room house, off the Avenue Foch, which had once been part of an even larger mansion. To the tradesmen of the neighborhood our affairs immediately became their affairs, to be discussed with all the frankness common to a big and uninhibited family.

Known quickly as *l'Américaine* despite her impeccable French, my wife achieved a certain popularity among the shopkeepers because, unlike so many of her countrywomen, she would ask the price of a bunch of carrots before ordering them. That, to the Gallic mind, showed not merely good sense but good manners.

When, eventually, we were going to have a baby, interest along the Rue Pergolese became even keener. Dropping in at the butcher's, my wife was watching him perform a surgical operation on some beef when he put aside his knife, left his work, and produced a chair.

"Madame," he said, "you must sit down. And what would you like, to give you the strength you need?"

That night we dined upon the finest filet mignon in all Paris.

Speculation about the sex of the expected baby grew from day to day. The druggist, the butcher, the florist, the baker—all had their theories. One day Madame l'Aigre, as we called the sour-faced news vendor, put the question directly.

"Madame, what is it that you are expecting?"

"A girl," replied my wife.

"But, madame, it is easy to see that you are going to have a boy."

Two weeks later my son Christopher was born. Respectfully I raised a tiny glass to the health of Madame l'Aigre, oracle of the Rue Pergolèse.

### The Lady of the Horses

Another remarkable Frenchwoman introduced herself in a rather strange way. On the first night in our new house we heard a whinny. We also smelled a strong whiff of ammonia. Since it seemed highly unlikely that horses would be quartered in this district of Paris, we chalked up our suspicions to overactive imaginations.

But we had been more right than we knew. Next morning we heard a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard below our back windows; doors swung wide, and a team of bays pranced out into the street, pulling a carriage. At the reins sat a French lady with a very firm pair of hands.

Goggle-eyed, our maid Denise cried out: "Look! *La dame aux chevaux!*"

From that moment, nothing could keep Denise at her cooking and cleaning when the lady of the horses appeared.

But there were other disadvantages. As winter passed and summer approached, the dung heap in the courtyard grew—and fumed.

We thought of calling the Minister of Health. In deference to our neighbor, however, we sought to see her first. Next day Denise announced: "The lady of the horses is in the kitchen."

She was. "I am Mademoiselle Jeanne."

**Young English Visitors Stand Spellbound by Venus de Milo, Dazzling Sculpture 2,300 Years**

[illegible]

she declared, as if defying me to prove otherwise. The set of her jaw reminded me uneasily of Dickens's Madame Defarge, who knitted so implacably beneath the guillotine.

Politely, we told her we thought the horses and their by-products jeopardized the health of our family, particularly that of the baby, who was only a few months old.

The lady of the horses drew herself up.

"Sir and madame!" she thundered. "There is no question about the smell. That I admit myself, and I love horses. But surely you know that the smell is most healthful. No baby who sleeps above a stable has ever contracted tuberculosis. The air prevents it."

Perhaps it does. I have never checked the point with the medical authorities. All I know is that I would rather dispute the issue with them than with *la dame aux chevaux*.

At all events, when we needed a change of air, we found we could get it most agreeably in the Bois de Boulogne. We began to use it, in fact, as the French use it, as if it were our private garden.

Enclosing some 2,150 acres, the Bois contains magnificent trees, lakes, lawns, springs, bridle paths, and lanes. Its restaurants, where food is served under arbors and beside waterfalls, would do credit to Marie Antoine Carême, a father of French cuisine.

For a few francs we occasionally rented a rowboat or a canoe and scummed over the sunlit water. At other times we shared the children's delight in the miniature railway which runs from the Porte Maillot entrance to the little combined zoo and aviaries, the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

### Seeing Paris from a Sidewalk Café

We were in no hurry. After all, as the Parisians would say, "Where do you want to rush to? You are in Paris already."

It is a spirit which pervades the city—a spirit which seems to assert, in defiance of the bolgonians of efficiency, that the clock was made for man, not man for the clock. Parisian taxicabs may dart about the streets like nervous polo ponies. But not Parisian pedestrians. They don't stride; they saunter.

And they do not find it easy to pass a sidewalk café. At all hours of the day they are to be found sitting under the gaily colored parasols, sipping coffee or some other drink, idly chatting and watching the rest of Paris pass in review.

I had a friend whose office was on the Champs Elysées. He was a businessman, a chap with many irons in the fire. But when a client came to call, he would steer him gently downstairs to the nearest café.

"Why sit in a stuffy office?" he would say. "Deals work out better when one can relax in a friendly, unhurried atmosphere. Naturally—"

Besides, there is always something to see from a café, whether it be simply the parade of pretty girls, a political demonstration by informed students, or another attempt by the citizen to put the police in their places. (Incidentally, the picturesque cops the visitor sees on the street corners, their stiff blue capes sometimes lined with lead for swinging at rioters, are not *gendarmes*, as they're often miscalled. They are *agents de police*. The *gendarmerie* keeps order in rural areas.)

These impromptu experiments at wrestling the arm of the law can take many forms. There was the occasion a while back when a young man, dressed in the boots and jacket of a surveyor, approached the Champs Elysées with a long chain. Handing one end to a passer-by, he crossed with the other to the far side of the broad and busy avenue. To a second stroller he said:

"Say, hold this and draw it tightly a moment, will you? Have to get a bearing across here."

With that he vanished into the crowd, repaired to a café, and watched with much relish the efforts of the police to untangle, and to understand, one of the worst traffic snarls in their experience.

More recently, another studious-looking youth asked the police if he might examine some of the hieroglyphics near the top of the Egyptian Obelisk that graces the Place de la Concorde.

With a true French regard for intellectual pursuits, the police not only agreed but suggested that he obtain the loan of an extension ladder from the Fire Department.

Up went the "Egyptologist," at 4:30 in the morning, carrying a pink umbrella and a walkie-talkie. By 10, a large crowd had collected, attracted by his waving umbrella. Fishing out a cigarette lighter, the pseudo scientist announced over his radio that the excellent little gadget he held in his hand would light in any breeze, at any height. Moreover, it could be purchased at any of the better shops.

The crowd roared. So did the apoplectic police, but in a different tone. Nor were they

### L'Arc de Triomphe Symbolizes the Glories of French Arms

A mild breeze sets the huge Tricolor suspended from this monument to the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte. World's largest structure of its kind, it stands on the Place de l'Etoile, hub of a dozen famous avenues. Visitors ride an elevator to the top for a magnificent view of Paris. Beneath the Arch rests France's Unknown Soldier of World War I; his tomb marked by an eternal flame. Here a crowd watches President Auriol depart after 1951's Armistice Day ceremonies.

## Don't Pass Us By, There Is Nothing Like a Parade

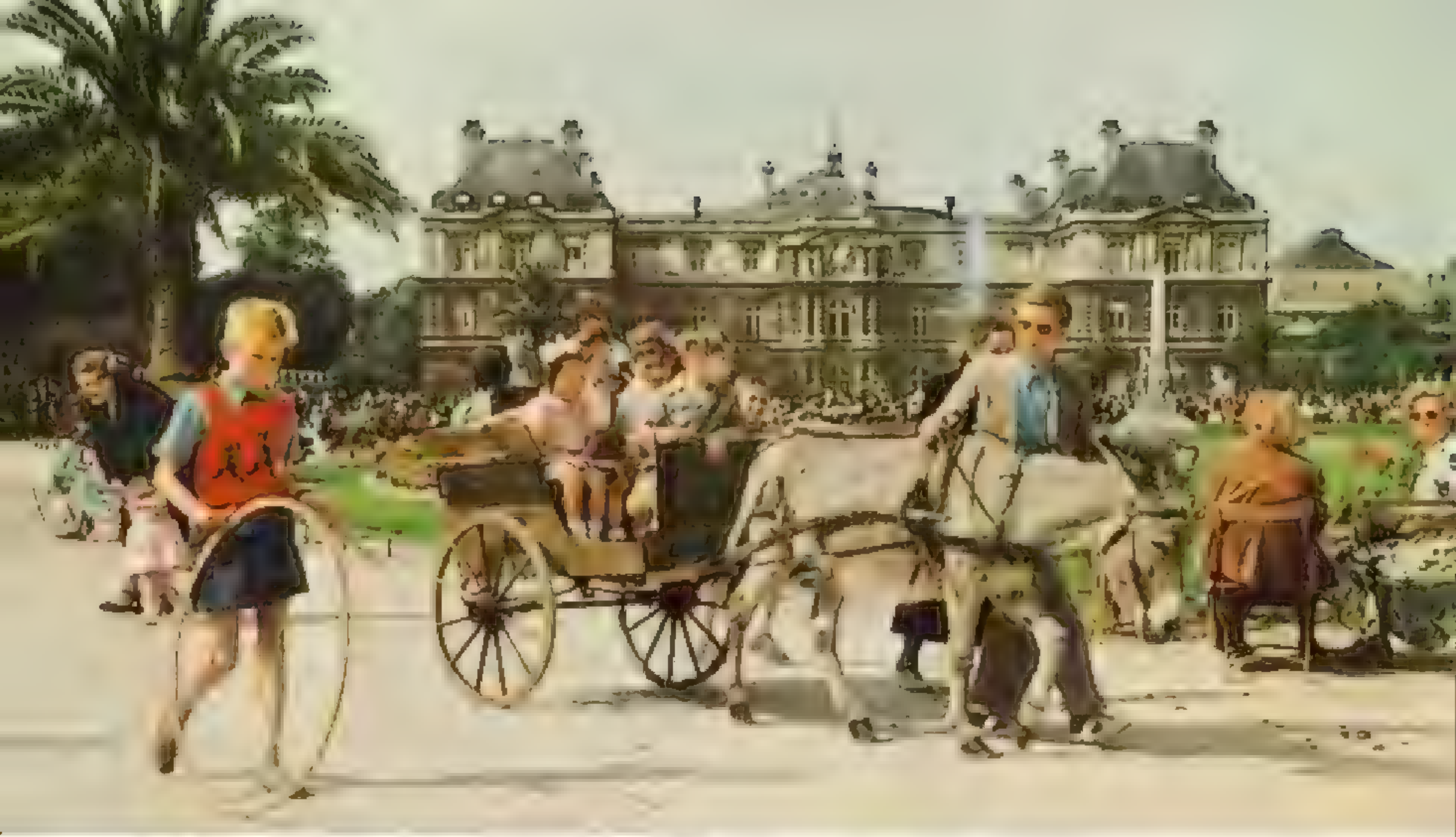
[illegible]

A Smiling Sentry, 984-foot Eiffel Tower Guards the Massed Flags of UN

A Policeman, Well Shielded Against Crazie Drivers, Directs Traffic Before the Madeleine

[illegible]

At Roger Le Fraga's a Gay Lady Bass Party Sups on Garlic-Layered Snails. Conversation and Wine Flow Freely



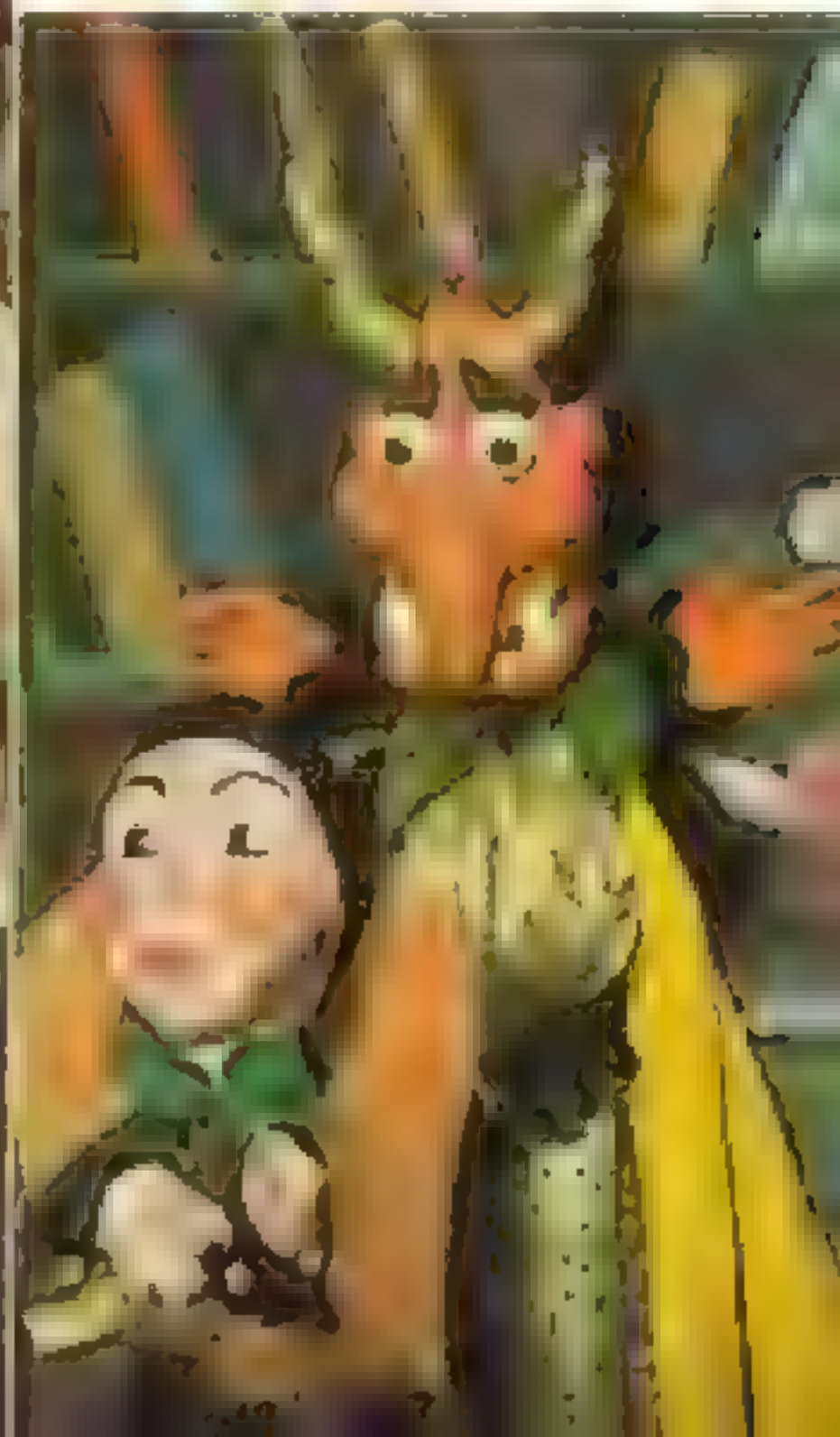
In Luxembourg Palace Gardens—a Left Bank Retreat, Young and Old Parisians Feed Pets and Friends

## Rept Fences Pay Tribute to a Puppeteer's Magic

[illegible]

## Peril Stakes Our Hero

[illegible]



**Mr. Powell: Where Art Students Fought, Something Must Give!**

[illegible]

any happier the next day when the Paris papers front-paged the advertising stunt with gleeful emphasis.

We ourselves were no strangers to the weekday life of the cafés and its passing show, but we tended to reserve Saturdays and Sunday afternoons for the Louvre, that sprawling treasure house of the arts, itself a history in stone (page 794).

Philippe Auguste, we knew, built the Louvre's first section as a fortress, around 1204. Charles V converted it into his residence. Catherine de Medicis, that terror of her day, planned the building of the long gallery paralleling the Seine; she wanted to connect the Louvre with her apartments in the Tuileries.

### The Louvre: 45 Acres of Masterpieces

Louis XIV eventually allowed the building to fall into disrepair, but Louis XV refurbished it. Henry IV, Napoleon I, and Napoleon III ordered important additions which made the Louvre not only one of the largest—it covers some 45 acres—but one of the most beautiful palaces in the world.

What hangs upon its walls and stands in its great rooms is, of course, worth far more to civilization than the edifice itself. Nearly any [illegible] Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Venus de Milo (page 771), and Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa. But they are only three of its gems. To sample even cursorily its vast collection of French, Flemish, Italian, Greek, Egyptian, and other masterpieces is a formidable undertaking.

The Louvre, indeed, is so enormous and so mazelike that it is no trick at all to lose yourself in its corridors. Someone has calculated that it would take three hours of fast, nonstop walking merely to glance once in passing at its collection of fine arts through the ages. And yet the same building also houses the Ministry of Finance and the National Lottery!

Not the least attraction of the Louvre is the people who frequent it. Parents enthralled by a painting learnedly explain its virtues to 8-year-olds who nod politely and hear nothing at all. Lovers, their fingers interwoven, sit on benches in a happy daze of contemplation. A bearded art student hurries in, stares at a Tintoretto, and dashes off to his studio to catch on canvas that elusive color.

A source of wonder to numerous art lovers used to be that French *salons* remained cold for so long toward France's own masters of impressionism—Cézanne, Manet, Degas, Monet, and the others. The great collections of these artists' works were found outside France, especially in America. In later years, however, the attitude of the Louvre and other French museums changed appreciably in this respect.

### Midwinter Night in Montmartre

My wife and I used to tackle the Louvre with caution, restricting ourselves to a few galleries, or only one, at a time. Even so, we would often emerge limp and esthetically a little numb. It would be pleasant then to take a subway or a bus to Montmartre and its hill crowned by the basilica of the Sacré Cœur.

It is a steep climb, through narrow and winding streets, but in winter a lovely one. Snow, falling softly over the chimney pots of Paris, masks the harsh lines of cornice and gable, smooths the stern symmetry of classical façades.

Tourists tend to identify Montmartre with the Place Pigalle and its bawdy night clubs and well publicized "dens of iniquity." But there is a gentler side to the hill, typified by the Place du Tertre.

Around this tiny square cluster some of the oldest and most picturesque buildings in all Paris, preserved as if under glass. A restaurant, Chez la Mère Catherine, occupies one site, and a famous art shop another: Au Singe Qui Lit (The Monkey Who Reads).

In summer the Place takes on the atmosphere of a village square at carnival time. But on a winter evening it is quiet, almost deserted. The half-timbered houses huddle together for warmth. The door to a cabaret swings open, flicking a bar of light across the snow; from the rooms behind float laughter and the scrape of a violin. The door closes, and the square is silent again, hushed as if waiting to see if it is the brawling poet of the Middle Ages, François Villon, who has emerged.

### Central Markets at Midnight

Many a man who has toured the cabarets of Montmartre has wound up at midnight, as I have, at Les Halles, the Central Markets of Paris (page 786). There are two sobering things to be found here. One is the realization that farmers have been sending their produce to this spot for at least 800 years, centuries before Columbus left his cradle; the other is onion soup.

My favorite place to obtain the soup is the Père Tranquille, a restaurant whose concoction is noted for its restorative power. In its rich beef stock float paper thin rings of delicately cooked onions and chunks of French bread, sprinkled generously with grated cheese. As a second course, one can pick up from neighboring stalls cornucopias of French fried potatoes just out of their sizzling bath—golden and crisp.

Revived, the reveler can watch the trucks and wagons rumble in from the city's outskirts with their neat loads of carrots, cauliflower, leeks, onions, potatoes, and other rural riches.

The farmers arrange their vegetables on the pavement as if for a still life—the white beards of leeks laid alternately with the green ends, the frizzled tops of carrots tucked opposite the orange-colored roots, the snowy centers of cauliflower nestled in green leaves.

To tour the whole market takes quite a walk. But there is this to be said about Paris: It's a city in which walking comes naturally. No towering skyscrapers oppress the pedestrian; no canyon walls of blank and monotonous office buildings shut out the sky and belittle the man on foot.

The architectural scale, in short, is to man's measure. Buildings of note and worth are set off by a square or an avenue; they can be seen. Cramped streets there are; but to follow one is to anticipate with confidence the moment when a twist and a turn will suddenly reveal a guildhall, a church, an old and ornate hotel, a noble statue.

Even the massive bulk of Notre Dame de Paris, thanks both to its gracious setting on the Ile de la Cité and to the impeccable proportions of its great towers, seems impressive but not overwhelming. It is enormously old, the artisans who set to work on it in 1163 laid their stone over a pagan altar dedicated to the Roman Jupiter. Yet as sunset turns its gray walls to rose, the ancient cathedral with its rich central window appears not cold with age but warm with life (pages 768, 802).

### Eiffel Tower, Symbol with a View

A city so deft in the placement of its chief edifices can absorb huge incongruities of style. It would be hard to conceive of a greater architectural leap than that from the flying buttresses of Notre Dame to the girders of the Eiffel Tower and thence to the classical Dôme des Invalides, where Napoleon lies buried. But they are all equally symbols of Paris.

The Eiffel Tower, set off by the wide spaces of the Champ de Mars, is both a view in itself and an incomparable vantage point for other views. From its peak, on a clear day, one can embrace all Paris and its surrounding countryside within a 55-mile radius.

Two and a half million rivets hold together this skeleton of steel. In a strong wind one can almost feel the strain on the strange, emaciated structure (pages 775, 804).

The tower dominates but does not dim the gleaming roof of Les Invalides. Beneath it, in the curious blue light which filters down from the dome, rests the Emperor's sarcophagus, of antique red granite from Finland. Other generals and marshals of France, from Turenne to Foch, sleep near by in chapels or crypts. It is a stately resting place and, in its somber elegance, peculiarly French.

One does not need to make the "grand tour" however, to discover the sights of Paris; a walk in almost any direction will reveal them. Thus, a stroll southeastward from Les Halles confronts one with the dramatic upthrust of the Tour St. Jacques, a beautiful remnant of the 16th-century church of St. Jacques la Boucherie; and, across the square behind it, the broad back of the Hôtel de Ville, the City Hall of Paris (page 797).

The Hôtel was rebuilt after being burned down in the turbulent days of the Commune. A flamboyant and appealing example of French Renaissance architecture, it has a profusion of gargoyles peeking over its roofs and a host of illustrious sculptured Frenchmen ready, from their niches, to burst into political speech at the drop of a top hat.

Close to the City Hall are the sewers. A few steps from the Hôtel a manhole leads to a flight of iron stairs down which I once climbed to the echoing and surprisingly numerous tunnels. I expected at any moment to see Jean Valjean racing out of the pages of *Les Miserables* and splashing off around the corner, with Inspector Javert behind him.

### Rambling Along the Left Bank

If Victor Hugo is the literary guardian of the sewers, then the spirit of Ernest Hemingway presides over the Left Bank. He lived in this quarter of the city, south of the Seine, and he wrote of it simply and well. One of his characters in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* remembered a most colorful part, the Place de La Contrescarpe, this way:

"There never was another part of Paris that he loved like that, the sprawling trees, the old white plastered houses painted brown below, the long green of the autobus in that round square, the purple flower dye upon the paving, the sudden drop down the hill of the rue Cardinal Lemoine to the River, and the other way the narrow crowded world of the rue Mouffetard . . . [and] the high narrow houses and the cheap tall hotel where Paul Verlaine had died." *

Equally appealing is the section near the Luxembourg Gardens, that lively park where children old and young sail their boats beside the misty fountains, lovers stroll through the flowers, and donkeys draw carloads of youngsters under the ancient trees (page 778).

Then there's the Rue Servandoni, just off the Luxembourg. A charming street, it meanders gently to the church of St. Sulpice.

* Reproduced by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Over its pavement [illegible] gentlemen who have partaken fully of the [illegible]

[illegible] that Hemingway and his fellow writers [illegible] frequently—the Dôme, [illegible] Rotonde [illegible] of Bohemians. [illegible] their performances, [illegible] deteriorate [illegible] Quite in keeping with the [illegible] of the area, [illegible] a little [illegible] beer [illegible] and [illegible]

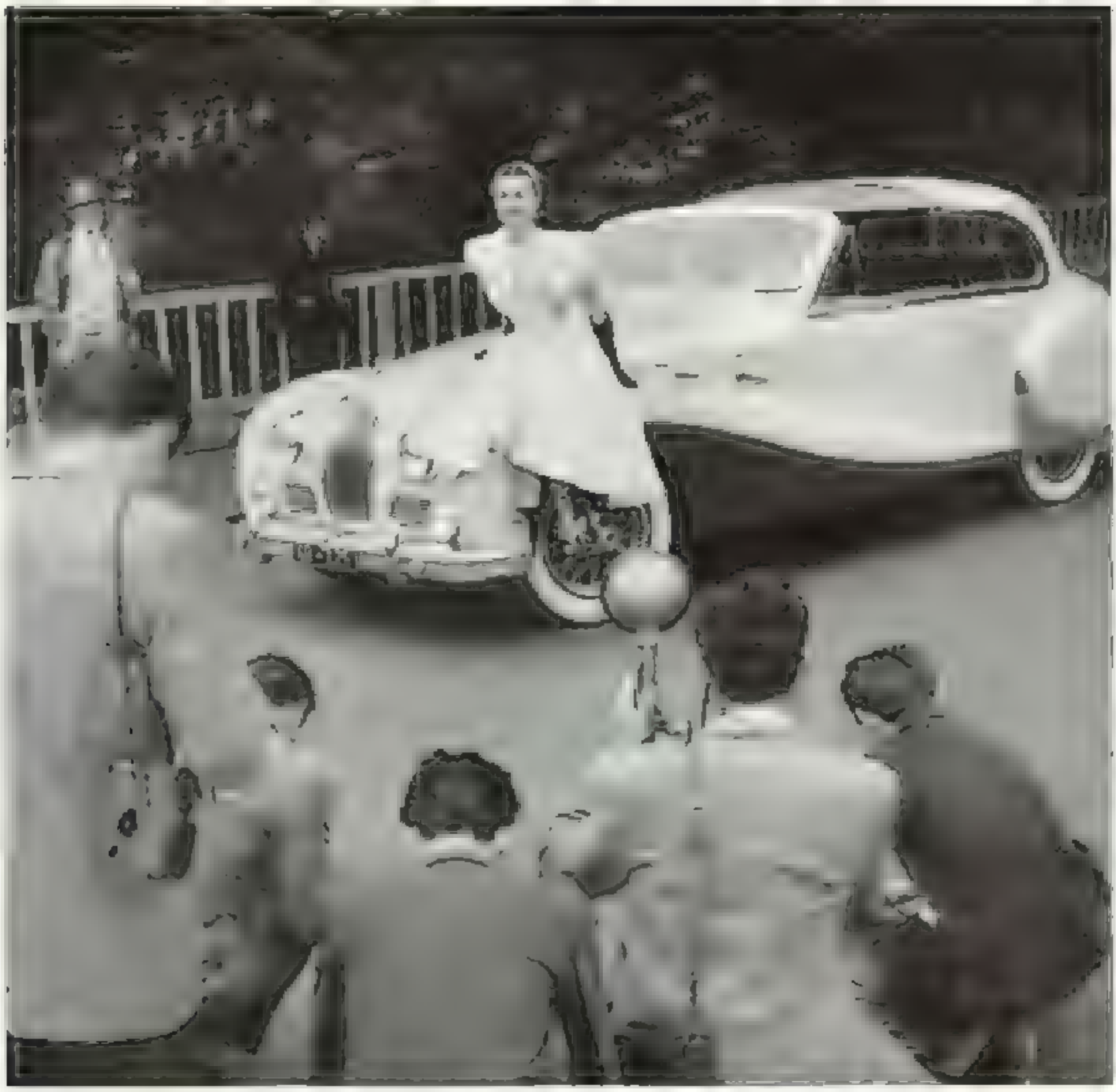
[illegible] the artistic center of gravity has switched somewhat north in the past period to the [illegible] Montparnasse. Here at the sidewalk tables in front of the Coupole, Flore or the Deux Magots [illegible] to hear on any given afternoon or night more talk of pictures, plays, novels, and philosophy than anywhere in Paris. And the number of heads turned by Americans will be seen to be higher than [illegible]

[illegible] Jean Paul Sartre, young expounder of the latest [illegible] existentialism, [illegible] the [illegible] philosophic [illegible] Montparnasse [illegible] by [illegible] philosophers [illegible] other haunts. But [illegible] [illegible] tourists still [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the fast [illegible] almost [illegible] with a [illegible] from the [illegible] of the Paradis.

[illegible] the students of the quarter, [illegible] which is perhaps fortunate for they

**Lessons to Suppose Trouble There's an Art**

[illegible]



**A Pretty Actress-Mannequin Adds Grace to Two New Paris Models**

[illegible]

### Sunbeam Mixes Paris Hair Changes

[illegible]

[illegible]

Americans Always Have Flocked to Paris, Most to Play, Some to Work

[illegible] Bar in the Latin Quarter [illegible] American [illegible] Paul H. N. [illegible] French [illegible]

[illegible] made to [illegible] the steps and pass the bar [illegible]

Typical of these events is the [illegible] ball given by [illegible] of the Beaux Arts [illegible]. Another is the [illegible] Ball. It [illegible] costumes [illegible]. And even [illegible] the small hours [illegible] in the morning.

By [illegible] revelers [illegible] back to the Fountain of St. Michel or [illegible] Place de la Concorde before going home. It is of course [illegible] few [illegible] home.

## Tales of Tripe and Truffles

When the [illegible] Americans, [illegible] or art, they are apt to [illegible] of the [illegible] restaurants, whether M. [illegible] or M. Paul [illegible] offers the [illegible].

[illegible] is not necessary to [illegible] complexities of gastronomy. The corner bistro will often

## Hungry Paris Consumes Country Produce by the Ton

[illegible]

provide fare that would grace the damask-covered tables of New York's most expensive dining rooms.

The proprietor of one such place, M. Jean, was a butcher before he took over his modest establishment. Perhaps that accounts, in part, for the superb Châteaubriand he provides.

This magnificent filet, thick, tender as butter, is a deep, crusty brown on the outside. Inside, it is purple to deep red, and so succulent that its juices almost squirt under the knife's pressure. With the beef come mounds of French fries. To wash them down, M. Jean offers an honest red wine.

Following the entree, one can enjoy a salad of crisp lettuce, gently turned in oil and vinegar, with a sprinkling of salt and freshly ground pepper. Then cheese. Then a bit of wine to accompany the last bit of cheese; and a little more cheese to finish off the wine.

It is not an imposing menu. But it is a meal to warm both body and soul, and to be able to come by it in a simple shop with a zinc bar and sawdust on the floor is a vivid illustration of the blessings of Gallic life.

### For Americans, a Hometown *Herald*

Americans, it must be confessed, have added little to this cuisine. But in journalism we can rightly claim credit for a Parisian institution: the European Edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Though published in English, it is no mere offshoot of Manhattan. It's a metropolitan daily with a home-town flavor—and Paris is that home town.

James Gordon Bennett, Jr., founded the Paris *Herald* in 1887. Even Paris found Bennett somewhat unusual. Deciding that the printer's ink used by the *Herald* was inferior, Bennett shopped around for a substitute. He found no black ink that satisfied him, so he bought red. For the next few weeks, until the supply ran out, *Herald* readers needed no rose-colored glasses.

Bennett had other whims. In one issue he ran a letter to the editor, signed "An Old Philadelphia Lady," which asked how to convert temperature readings from centigrade to Fahrenheit. Readers took that in their stride; but they were a little astonished to see it [illegible] the next day, and the next. [illegible] yet. Bennett ran [illegible] for 18 years and five months—a total [illegible] 18 times.

Why? Some claim it was for publicity; some that it was part of a Bennett crusade for adoption of the centigrade thermometer; some that Bennett, too stubborn to admit having let it slip into the paper a second time, tried to pass it off as a deliberately scheduled daily feature.

However that may be, Bennett was no mere jokester. He was an exceedingly competent journalist. He introduced cabled news from America, linotypes, photoengraving, and [illegible].

Even more important to Parisians, he picked a staff of truly brilliant writers. In addition to American and British newspapermen, he hired such European luminaries as Anatole France, Camille Flammarion, Pierre Loti, Marcel Prévost, Paul Bourget, and Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Perhaps the best known of the old *Herald* staffers was Sparrow Robertson, who covered the capital's sports, café society, and night life until he was past 80. Slight in build, with a [illegible] hat, Sparrow looked like an overaged elf.

Touring the night spots till dawn, Sparrow would return to his typewriter and peck out in surrealistic grammar and syntax his recollections of the evening. He referred to friends and mere acquaintances alike as "My Old Pals"; some were delighted to appear the next morning in his column; some were not.

### Frankie and Fifi—a Paris Problem

There are fewer pieces on the staff of the Paris *Herald Tribune* now, though in Art Buchwald a worthy replacement for Sparrow has been found. Under the direction of such sober-sided newsmen as Geoffrey Parsons, Jr. (who revived it after the Liberation), Walter Kerr, and Roel Weare, the European Edition has developed a more cosmic viewpoint with better coverage and editorials.

The paper still keeps Americans in Paris in touch, however, not only with world affairs but with the World Series. And it retains even today much of the atmosphere of a home-town paper.

Not so long ago, for instance, it ran for several weeks in its "agony column" this plaintive appeal:

"FRANKIE DOSSETT: Please come back to me. Fifi."

On the boulevards, in the cafés, at the news kiosks, readers pondered Fifi's problem and speculated at length upon her chances of finding Frankie again. Paris, perhaps, knew the answer. But Paris, home town or not, is discreet. Paris never told.

*Notice of change of address for your* NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE *should be received in the offices of the National Geographic Society by the first of the month to affect the following month's issue. For instance, if you desire the address changed for your August number, The Society should be notified of your new address not later than July first. Be sure to include your postal zone number.*

Mont de Paris: Place de la Concorde, éclairée par le Bateau de Lucie

Two Glittering Fellows Beyond Beauties Await the 'On Stage' Call

## Poodle and Screen Star Typify the Chic Note at a Fashion Show

[illegible]

## Paris Is to Fashion What Circus Was to Sarah

[illegible]

## Be It Model Racehorse or Long-distance Baseline Competitors Leave a Lasting Impression

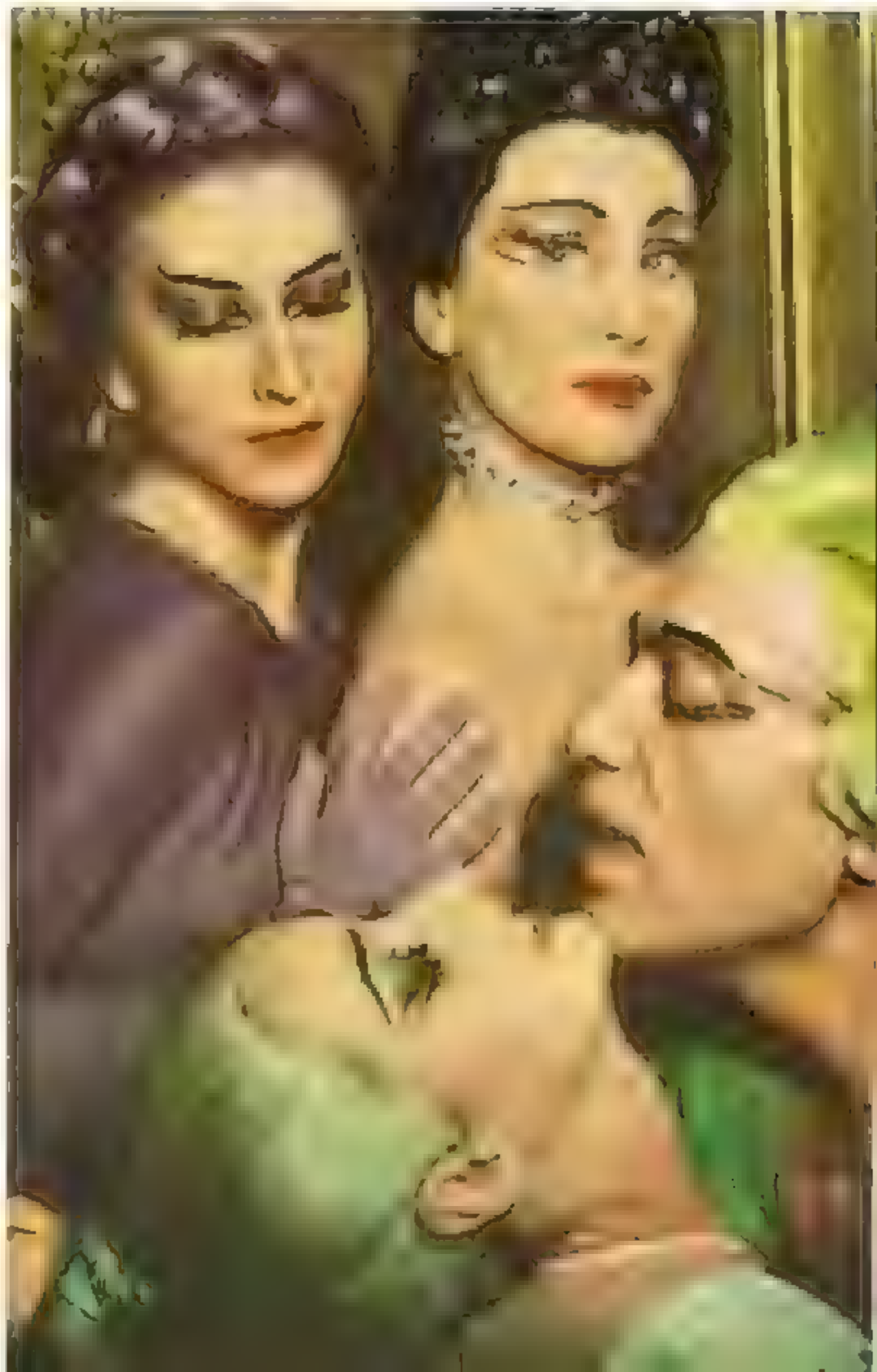
With Lifted Hand, Germain Pilon's "Resurrected Christ" Seems to Bless a Spring Flower Display in the Louvre

## Paris Theater Runs the Gamut from Bible to Bidet

[illegible]

## Green and Lavender Hair? In Paris, Why Not?

[illegible]



Parisian Fortunes Rise and Fall; Children, Pigeons, and Flowers Go On Forever

### A Balloon Assay: Paris Salutes Air Pioneers

[illegible]

### A Trial Victor Receives Official Acclaim

[illegible]

Under Notre Dame's Leering Gargoyle Flows the Seine
Placed Highroad Between Paris and the Sea

### ← Bookstall Browsers Need Not Hurry

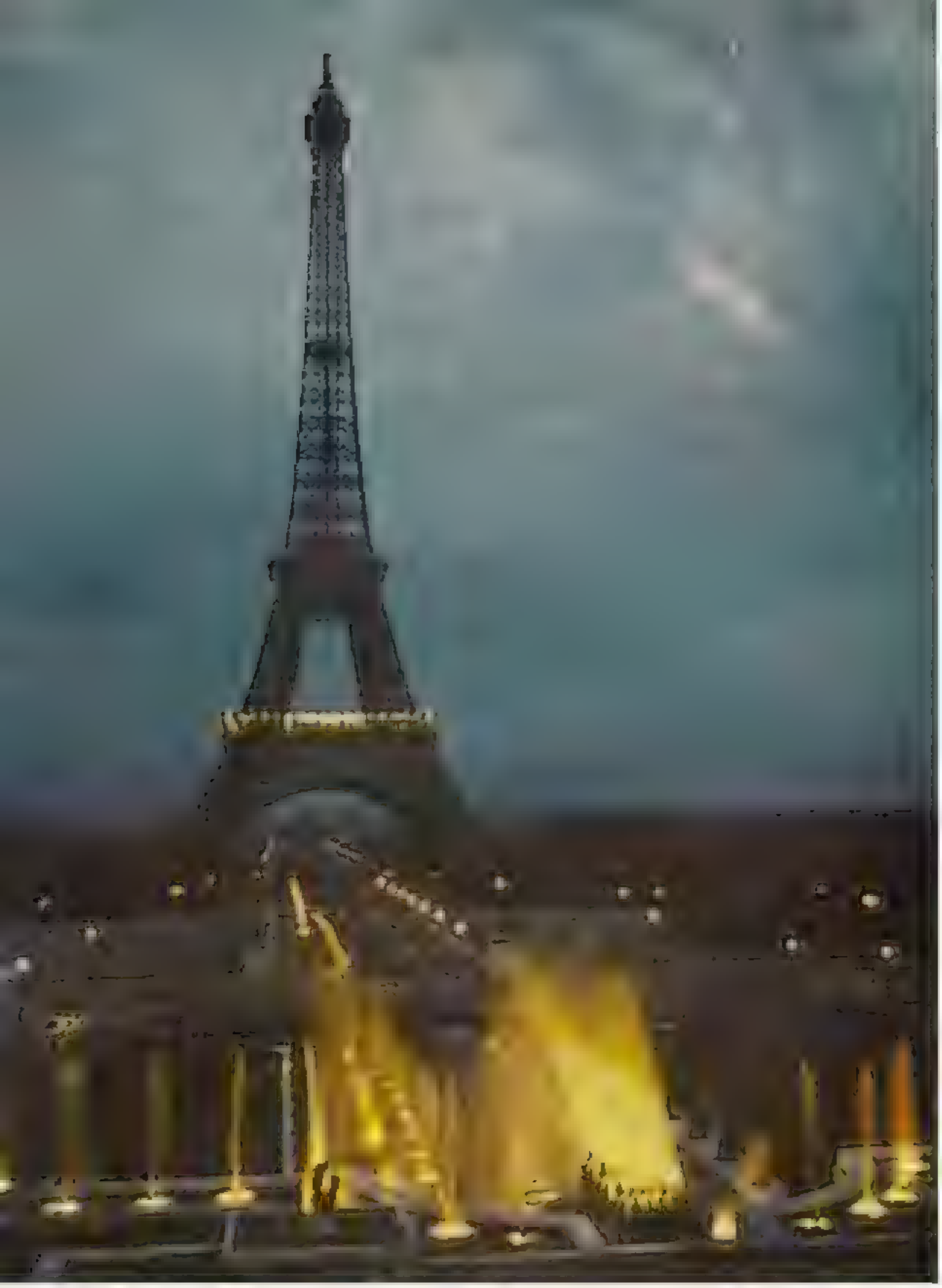
[illegible]

### ↓ Ah, Monsieur, a Real Find!

[illegible]

**A Relic of Renaissance Days, Hôtel de Sens Watches Today's Children at Play**

[illegible]



In the Soft Fields of Summer Dusk, Paris Becomes Indeed the "City of Light"

# We Dwelt in Kashgai Tents

## An Adventure as American Couple Shares Daily Life in Camp and Saddle with Nomad Shepherds of Iran

By Jean and Franc Shor

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Authors*

FROM [illegible] across desert wastes and barren mountain ranges of the Near East, the word "Kashgai" spells red-blooded adventure.

Ranging from Persian Gulf pastures to wind-swept highlands in the Zagros Mountains, the Kashgai tribesmen are saddle-bred, tent-dwelling descendants of the conquering hordes of Genghis Khan. In their ancestral lands of southern Iran, these proud and fiercely independent people preserve a nomadic way of life rare in our modern world.

The suave, slender man sitting across the table from my wife and me in a Tehran restaurant seemed far removed from such an existence. His well-tailored clothes and Oxford accent bespoke, rather, a London drawing room or gentlemen's club. Yet Malek Mansur Kashgai—proudly bearing the name of the tribe—is one of its hereditary chiefs and is famed throughout Iran for his horsemanship and prowess as a hunter (page 832).

"When you return to Iran," he said, "make us a visit. Live with the tribe, travel with us on our migration, share our everyday existence. Then you can tell others about the life of nomads."

A year later new assignments took Jean and me to the Near East. We wrote to Malek Mansur, asking if his invitation still held good. Back came a cable: "We are in summer pastures. Hurry to Tehran. My cousin will escort you to tribal lands."

To Iran's capital we flew, only to receive bad news. The Anglo-Iranian oil dispute was reaching a crisis, and the Government had issued a decree strictly forbidding foreigners to enter tribal areas.*

### His Majesty the Shah Intercedes

Appeals to the Press Ministry and Army were fruitless. In desperation we took our case to Mohammed Riza Shah Pahlevi, our gracious host during part of our previous visit.

The Shah was sympathetic. Two days later the Chief of Staff of the Iranian Army handed us a pass that permitted us to travel freely in Kashgai land. "With the compliments of His Imperial Majesty," he said with a smile.

With Habib Kashgai, Malek Mansur's cousin, we flew to Isfahan. He was accompanied by two servants. One carried shotguns, rifles, and a case of Coca-Cola, while the other gingerly held a package that was encased in a box of crushed ice.

Half a dozen tribesmen in a jeep and a command car met us. Our luggage and Habib's supplies were loaded into the car. We climbed into the jeep and set out on the 50-mile drive to the town of Shahriza (see Southwest Asia map, a supplement to this issue).

At every large village sentries stopped us, but our pass proved an open-sesame. One glance at it and the soldiers saluted and sent us on our way.

We left the main highway at Shahriza and journeyed overland on narrow trails that grew more rugged by the minute. Often we crossed swift mountain streams, each called for a halt to wet our dusty throats. Every time we stopped, Habib's servant cooled his mysterious package in the rushing water.

### Share Tribesmen's Rice and Lamb

At trail's end we camped for the night. Kashgai families had pitched black goat-hair tents near by, and we shared their dinner of fluffy rice and lamb broiled over open coals. Early next morning, mounted on horses and burros, we set out for Malek Mansur's camp.

"Now we're in Kashgai territory," Habib informed us. "All the people you meet from now on will be our tribesmen."

The jeep-side had taken us through arid country, bare and desolate under the scorching sun. Now the land changed as we rode toward the towering Zagros Mountains. Snow still capped their highest peaks, some of which reach up to over 14,000 feet.

Our horses picked their way through flower-strewn valley meadows and an occasional field of grain ripening beside the trail. Herdsmen in brightly colored robes tended flocks of fat-tailed sheep. White camels grazed everywhere. Horsemen, erect on finely bred animals, raised guns in salute as we passed.

Dusk found us in Malek's camp, pitched in a high mountain valley. A snow fed stream, lined with trees, ran through the cluster of canvas and goat-hair tents. The canvas shelters were bright blue, yellow, and red, in contrast to the usual black Kashgai tents.

* See, in the National Geographic Magazine, "Journey into Troubled Iran," by George W. Long, October, 1951, and "Mountain Tribes of Iran and Iraq," by Harold Lamb, March, 1946.

A Blast on the Surnay Starts the Trek to Winter Pastures

In the [illegible] Mountains [illegible] the [illegible] 32 miles [illegible] Western [illegible] [illegible] and shadows fed by snowmelt and flanked by flocks of sheep and [illegible] south for grazing lands near the Persian Gulf (page 630).

[illegible] shouldered, with aquiline nose and piercing eyes, he wore Western clothes with shirt open at the neck (page 625). Beside him stood Malek dressed in [illegible] jacket and khaki slacks. Greetings over, they led us inside the tent.

It was like a scene from Marco Polo's [illegible] hand-woven patterns in gay colors covered its walls. [illegible] Silken

Cushions were [illegible] about the floor [illegible] dishes on a [illegible] plates, and, for the [illegible] with imported liquors and soft drink.

After a friendly welcome, we were shown to our own tent, where servants brought us warm water in silver pitchers, pouring it over our hands as we washed. Mattresses stuffed with the breast feathers of mountain partridge covered our cots.

"If this is the life of a nomad," laughed Jean, "let's join the tribe. I never realized what luxury is [illegible] without a lot of modern conveniences."

Dinner increased our amazement. A linen cloth was spread on heavy carpets in a tent with open sides. We ate from silver dishes [illegible] ourselves from two huge platters of rice, one crusted with saffron and flavored with raisins and pistachio nuts, the other full of with lamb [illegible] partridge.

Other silver platters were heaped with roast mouflon (a wild sheep), lamb, and lamb [illegible] eggplant stuffed with partridge and cooked in oil, yoghurt, whole [illegible] partridge wrapped in [illegible] the [illegible] "I apologize for this simple meal," said Malek when we staggered to [illegible] We were not sure of the exact date of your arrival, so we were unable to prepare a proper welcoming banquet."

As he spoke, two tribesmen appeared, stalking [illegible] massive horns more than a yard long. They placed the [illegible] on the ground, and [illegible]

Kashgais Relax Completely in the Saddle; It's Their Home Four Months a Year

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Awakened by the Law's Long Arm

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ziat Khan, "Master of the Horse," Leads a Kashgai Cavalcade

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"After all," she said, [illegible] and why not fish eggs?"

When Kashgai khans go hunting, they hunt in comfort. Instead of packing a lunch, they pack the whole camp (page 518). By the time breakfast was over, every tent had been struck and packed on mules and camels. A line of servants and heavily laden pack animals was weaving across the green valley.

Malek's bearer brought out half a dozen superb handmade French and Belgian [illegible] worth a king's ransom. We had our [illegible]

"We like good weapons," Nasser Khan told us. "A Kashgai and his gun are seldom separated. We have a tribal saying: 'Keep your gun by your side and leave your money with your wife.' A man who does that seldom gets into trouble."

Mounted on Arabian stallions, we galloped after the disappearing baggage train. A score of Kashgai men made up the hunting party, and each of the khans, as well as Jean and I, was followed by a gunbearer on a mule.

Kashgais are magnificent horsemen, with a great affection for their mounts. They stroked their sleek necks and patted them as they mounted; hands were gentle on the reins. In the Near East, where there is little regard for animal life, that is a rare thing.

By midmorning we had climbed to nearly 10,000 feet. The ground was rough and broken, covered with moss, a stubble of grass and scrub cedar. Soon we heard the unmistakable call of the red-legged partridge. We reined in, and I prepared to dismount. Malek Mansur stopped me.

### Horsemen Shoot at Full Gallop

"We will hunt this flock in Kashgai fashion," he said. "You and Jean stay back a [illegible]"

The line of mounted men moved at a trot up the valley floor. Suddenly there was an explosive whirr of wings, and a bevy of partridges burst into the air and sped away like feathered bullets.

The stallions swept forward at a dead run. The Kashgais rose in their stirrups, reins loose on the horses' necks (page 519). Guns came up and spoke; suddenly it was raining partridges. I watched Malek Mansur. Man and horse seemed to be one. Three times he fired his Belgian automatic shotgun, and three times a feathered ball exploded in the air.

After the first onslaught the riders reined their mounts to a halt. Bearers gathered the game. Forty-four partridges were hung from saddle [illegible]

We dismounted to hunt the remaining birds on foot. Soon the Khan called a halt.

"It is enough for now," he said. "By next year this flock will be back to its original size. We don't want to wipe out our own game."

At noon we rounded a hill and came upon our camp, re-created in a new setting. In our own tent Jean and I found everything exactly as it had been the day before. Lunch was ready in the big dining tent, and after another [illegible] meal everyone took a brief siesta. At 3 o'clock the camp came to life, but no one went for the horses.

"The afternoon sun is not good for hunting," said Nasser Khan. "We will remain here for an hour or two and enjoy the shade."

When a Kashgai has nothing else to do, he practices marksmanship. Servants placed targets on a hillside near the camp, and khans and minor chiefs took turns shooting.

Their skill was unmeasurable. Nasser Khan, during one of his turns, brought down five

crows flying past, firing offhand from a standing position.

On a later hunt, I saw Malek at full gallop drop five antelope with five rifle shots.

Used midget flash bulbs, we found, were much in demand as targets. Set up 50 paces from the shooter, they were difficult to hit with target rifles. As the afternoon practice ended, the Khan had a servant place two bulbs about 75 feet in front of our tent.

"We have been most impolite," he said. "We have not offered Mrs. Shor a chance to shoot. Does she know how to use a rifle?"

"I'll try," replied Jean. Carefully she aimed the target gun. It barked twice. Both flash bulbs disappeared.

The Kashgais looked amazed, then broke into shouts of delight.

"I knew that Texas background of mine would come in handy someday," Jean said.

### Hunter and Horse Are as One

Keen as I was about the hunting, I found the remarkable oneness of the Kashgai and his horse even more fascinating. The finely bred Arabians seemed almost human. When a horseman stands in the stirrups and shoots at full gallop, his very life depends upon his mount's intelligence. A sudden swerve or stop can be fatal. These horses, perfectly trained, never changed course or stopped abruptly. They looked ahead for obstacles. When changing direction, they did it slowly.

Later, we were to spend a week in the tents of Ziat Khan, one of the principal subkhans of the tribe and its leading horse trainer.

This head of several thousand families is known as the "Father of the Horse." A bronzed, stocky man of medium height with deeply lined face, he is famous even among the Kashgais for his horsemanship (page 808). He trains the mounts ridden by Nasser Khan and Malek Mansur, and his strain of Arabians is the finest in the tribe.

More than 300 years ago the Kashgais first brought steeds from the deserts of Araby, and they have kept the blood lines clean. Their studbook is one of the oldest in the world.

Calling on Ziat Khan, we were surprised to find a clean-limbed mare standing contentedly in one corner of his tent on a deep-piled Persian carpet, her foal nursing at her side.

"My prize stallion sired this colt," Zia Khan told us, patting the neck of the leggy youngster. "He will make a wonderful mount, one of the best I have ever bred. He will live in my tent, go where I go. A good mount is part of a Kashgai's family circle."

Our first hunt with the chiefs lasted three days; each day camp moved with the hunters.

When we returned to our original camp site, Malek said that arrangements had been made for us to spend a few weeks with a Kashgai family in a camp a few miles distant.

"You will want to see how ordinary members of our tribe live," he said. "I think you will be surprised at the life they lead. In many ways our people are well off. They have comfortable clothes, enough to eat, and a satisfying existence. We are a free people, proud and independent. We have a lot in common with Americans. The degree of mechanization is not important; vital things go deeper, and in those we are very much alike."

### In the Vanguard of Genghis Khan

That night, seated under the big tent, Malek Mansur and Nasser Khan told us the history of their tribe. Never written, it is a story handed down from father to son for centuries, told and retold around thousands of campfires. No one knows it better than these brothers, for they are direct descendants of the family which founded the tribe, and which has ruled it for more than 400 years.

The Kashgais, according to their own legends, came originally from Chinese Turkistan, sweeping across Afghanistan and northern Persia (Iran) in the vanguard of the legions of Genghis Khan.

Considerable evidence supports this belief. They still speak the Turki language, with a dialect strikingly similar to that of Kashgar, in Turkistan. A number of their officers come from that region. For instance, their use of the word "Tadjik" to describe a person they don't like may indicate a long period of proximity to, and disagreement with, the Tadjik people near Kashgar.

"In the time of Genghis Khan," said Malek, "we were not yet a separate tribe. After our ancestors settled in Azerbaijan, on Persia's northwest frontier, we came together as a unit. Then, around 1600, we made our way south, settling where we are now. The tribe has grown until there are about 100,000 of us, occupying nearly half of the Province of Fars, or Farsa, which gave old Persia its name."

### Tribe a Band of Brothers

"The important thing to remember," Nasser Khan added, "is that we are all members of one big family. All Kashgais are brothers. For four centuries we have lived, hunted, and fought on that basis. It is our strength."

While legally subject to the Iranian Government, the khans are the actual rulers within tribal bounds. Serving under Nasser Khan are *kalantars*, or subkhans, each with several thousand families under his control. The kalantars, in turn, act through *kadkhodas*, or guards, each in charge of as many as 200 families. Beneath them come the *rish sefids*, or graybeards, one to each few households.

**Rugged Turkomans Interested in Hardy Life to Their Tent Guests**

[illegible]

[illegible] Kashgai tribe is equal in [illegible] or Kashgai to Nomad Khan [illegible]

[illegible] appeal. A [illegible] salaried and [illegible] title [illegible] the Khan's ruling favored [illegible]

[illegible] of leadership in the [illegible] brother [illegible]

[illegible] Khans form [illegible] which discusses [illegible] matters of [illegible] If these elders feel that an [illegible] is not fitted to assume his father's position, the title [illegible] brother [illegible]

[illegible] the wishes of the people. [illegible]

[illegible] and in [illegible] [illegible] and trained for the [illegible]

What happens to the eldest son in the [illegible]

[illegible] Manser [illegible]

[illegible] away, he said, and changed the subject.

[illegible] Kashgai [illegible] Khan [illegible] tent near by to [illegible] reception. [illegible] women are usually [illegible] among Moslem people, we asked Hazrat [illegible].

[illegible]

to their own dowries, inherit property, and dispose of their own land and flocks as they see fit. Also, the wife is usually the family banker. She keeps the money, pays the bills [illegible] and guards the family savings" (page 824).

### Blizzard Victim Helped by Ali

Kashgai charity is direct and practical. We witnessed an example shortly after our arrival in Shir Ali's home.

A neighbor, Kalish by name, had moved his flock of more than 100 sheep high into the mountains. A fierce blizzard caught the flock a few nights before our arrival, and every sheep was frozen to death. Kalish, his wife, and four children were left destitute.

Gorgali, the kadkhuda of the group, called a council of the heads of the 100-odd families under his control. The meeting was held at dusk around a campfire in front of Gorgali's tent. We were invited to attend.

Shir Ali walked to the meeting leading a fat ewe by a goat-hair rope. To our astonishment, every man had brought a ram or ewe. A few carried a lamb under each arm.

Gorgali called the meeting to order and made a speech remarkable for its brevity.

"I see you all know why we have met," he said. "Our brother Kalish has suffered misfortune. We shall make it up to him. Put your gifts in the sheepfold. Tomorrow Kalish shall lead them to his own pastures."

Kalish made a brief speech of gratitude, and the humor that is a vital part of the nomad's life flashed at the conclusion.

"I have been counting the sheep you have brought," he said. "I now have 15 more than I lost. That was a lucky blizzard!"

The Kashgais roared with laughter, left their gifts, and returned to their tents.

"It is our way of life," Shir Ali explained. "We all share good and bad fortune. No Kashgai household is ever destitute. If Kalish had perished in the blizzard we would have replaced the flock and taken turns tending it until his own sons were old enough to take responsibility for the family."

Life with Shir Ali was less elaborate than that with Malek Mansur, but equally exciting. The Lion of Ali was a typical tribesman, neither richer nor poorer than most of his fellows. He owned 160 sheep, more than enough to yield milk, cheese, and a daily portion of meat for his family. Six horses and eight camels provided transportation for himself, his wife, mother, two sons, daughter, and all their possessions.

A screen of woven rushes divided the family's goat-hair tent, about 14 by 25 feet. One half served as a bedroom; the other, living and dining room (page 821).

Here, in summer grazing land, Shir Ali owns 40 acres of mountain meadow. In winter pasture, near the Persian Gulf, he owns another 60 acres and rents two more of irrigated farm land from Nasser Khan. There he grows wheat and rice, which are stored in carpetbags and carried by lumbering camels to the summer quarters.

Shir Ali's daily life differs little from his ancestors' 3,000 years ago. He rises at dawn, dresses in homespun shirt and trousers, homemade shoes, and slips on a coat woven from the wool of his own flock. After a breakfast of coarse bread, goat cheese, and tea, he and his sons take the flocks to pasture. Leaving the boys in charge of the sheep, he spends the day with his friends, hunting partridge.

He owns shotgun and rifle, but the birds are bagged by hand. "Shotgun shells," our host told us, "cost more than partridge."

### Hunting Without Guns

Mounted on a gray Arabian, I rode with him and his friends on a weaponless hunt. It began in the same way as the hunt with the khans—a line of horsemen moving forward across an open plain. Birds were flushed, and the horses broke into a run. They followed the birds until they came to ground, then flushed them once more.

After three flights, each shorter than the last, the partridges' short wings could no longer lift their heavy bodies. The Kashgais dismounted and ran after the birds. The hunt netted four birds per man.

On horseback I had little difficulty keeping up with the hunters. On foot it was another story. The Kashgais are swift runners, with remarkable endurance. Before the first bird was captured, I was gasping for breath and watched in amazement as the tribesmen ran uphill and down, seizing the fluttering game.

In the heat of the day we rested on carpets spread under trees, ate a lunch of bread and cheese, and played the ancient Persian game of *nas*. The game, similar to Western poker, is played with a brightly colored deck of wooden cards. There are five denominations: the ace, shah (or king), queen, warrior, and dancing girl. The Kashgais love to gamble, and stakes often run high. More luck than skill is involved, but bluffing is important; Shir Ali won three partridges from his less fortunate friends.

"Hunting is more than a sport with us," Shir Ali pointed out when we were back in camp. "A good hunter has a good larder. In the winter we have gazelle and antelope, in the summer mouflon, ibex, and partridge. They are good to eat, and they save money."

Ali's sheep were penned by dusk. While

**Kirdgai Hunters Shoot Partridge While Racing Like Centaurs Across an Arid Valley**

[illegible]

**Wash, Father Hans Ibex, Mother Spins Wool Yarn and Baby-sits in a Pasture**

[illegible]

## Is the Bride Stealing Too, Behind Her Veil?

## An Elder Models the Tribal Hat

Marine Tribesmen Begin a Leisurely Trek to a New Camp Site in the Mountains

"Keep Your Gun by Your Side and Leave Your Money with Your Wife"

[illegible]

Bishop's Work Like Corgis Resembles to Pinch the Beagle Jeans

[illegible]

Kneeling Camels Wait Patiently While Women and Children Unpack Bright Rugs and Blankets During a Noonday Stop

A Servant Rides Muleback with His Chief's Chattels

Sister and Brother Travel as One

Women and Children Relax in Carpeted Ease Within Their Gecekondu Home

**A Little Nomad Gives in Wonder and Delight as He Holds His Magic Sphere, a Shimmering Plastic Balloon**

## Tea Is Served to the Wife of a Khan

[illegible]

## Rugs Cushion Young Travelers

[illegible]

Solemn Ritual: Elders Begin a Meal from Bowls of Rice, Chicken, and Lamb

Shirt-sleeved Nasser Khan, the Lesser, Presides Over Hooping Silver Platters

## A Carpet Grows as Deft Fingers Work a Grade I [illegible]

[illegible]

Camels, the Tribal Moving Vans, Wear Tasseled Scarves for Decoration

the women prepared the evening meal, he gave his sons their daily lessons. Our host was one of the few Kashgais who could read and write, and he was proud of his accomplishment. [illegible] lamp [illegible] the [illegible] low [illegible] Under the [illegible] while [illegible] the [illegible]

Supper was the [illegible] Since Mrs [illegible] served, [illegible] neither ate with the men. Rice was the mainstay of the diet, prepared in so many ways that it never became tiresome. Roast or broiled lamb was usually included, with frequent supplements of partridge, ibex, or mouflon. The flesh of the mouflon we found particularly flavorful. Darker than mutton, it tastes very much like beef.

After supper Sair Ali plaited goat-hair ropes, repaired the family shoes, and tanned sheep and ibex skins. His sons were constantly at his side, studying his every move. He was thorough in his instruction, and gentle, too, a trait we found common in the Kashgai treatment of their children.

Jean, sharing the women's life, soon found that a Kashgai wife is never idle. In the morning goats and ewes had to be milked, butter and cheese made by primitive methods.

"Every morning pots and pans are carried down to the stream and scrubbed with sand, then boiled for several minutes," Jean told me. "Milk is covered while it cools, and even the dirt floor of the rank tent is swept several times a day with bunches of twigs."

The only vessel not washed daily was the battered stone pot holding the culture from which yoghurt was made. Every Kashgai bride takes a bowl of yoghurt to her new husband's tent, and the strains are preserved for generations. A little is saved from each batch to turn the next bowl of milk.

Kashgai cheese is of the simplest variety. The women leave goat's milk to sour in an open bowl, pack the curd in a homespun cloth, and twist the bag to force out all moisture. They tie a string around the bundle to hold it together, and leave it in a running stream while water washes through the curd. Dried again, it is compressed into small cakes and eaten with bread.

### Wealth Counted in Sheep, Carpets

Kashgai families count their wealth in carpets as well as sheep.

"The women are always busy with carpets," Jean observed. "If they aren't sweeping, washing, or tending a rug, they're making one."

Looms are set up outside the tents, and when household chores are finished the busy housewife takes her turn at rug making and the weaving of woolen cloth. A spindle and ball of wool are constant companions of a Kashgai woman. Even as she walks or rides her hands are busy spinning (page 814).

Rug making is like an old-fashioned quilting bee. Half a dozen women work together, laughing, talking, and exchanging neighborhood gossip (pages 826 and 827). While they work, their friends gather mountain herbs and berries and brew the natural colors for dyeing the wool. A woman works on one loom for a while and then moves to the carpet of a friend, finally returning to her own. There doesn't seem to be any particular division of labor, but work on every loom progresses steadily, and everyone seems satisfied.

### Health Good Despite Lack of Doctors

By Western standards the tribesmen's diet is seriously deficient in green vegetables and fresh fruit. Perhaps the heavy consumption of milk products makes up for the deficiency. Whatever the cause, there is little sickness among the Kashgais. Their active outdoor existence produces sturdy bodies and strong resistance to disease. It is fortunate, for there is not a single doctor in the tribal lands.

"Our greatest needs," Nasser Khan told us, "are emergency medical care and better education for our children. My eldest son is in the [illegible] medicine. When he [illegible] place as head of the tribe, he will be able to take better care of his people."

The khans are well educated. Members of the wealthier families study in Iranian and Turkish universities and even, like Malek and Nasser Khan's son, farther afield.

During the reign of Riza Shah, father of Iran's present ruler, Malek was exiled from his homeland for eight years. He spent the time to good advantage. He was graduated from the agricultural college of the University of Reading in England; then he took a degree in law at Oxford University. Further study in Germany and Switzerland rounded out his schooling. Now he is using his agricultural knowledge to improve the living conditions of the tribe (page 832).

"We have imported thoroughbred rams for our flocks," he said, "and have developed a sheep which produces more wool and meat than our native flocks, yet is hardy enough to stand our nomadic existence. To produce a better balanced diet we have also tried to import new varieties of grains and vegetables."

Irrigation of the arid soil of the tribe's warm winter pastures, south of Shiraz, has brought miracles of fertility.

"In Switzerland," Malek Mansur told us, "I found a midget watermelon. It weighed only a couple of pounds. It would be nice, I thought, to have some to carry in the pocket of my jacket on hunting trips. I planted

In a Haze of Desert Dust, Sheep and Goats Jog Along to Greener Pastures

[illegible]

[illegible] in a now-forgotten desert [illegible].

"They grow very [illegible] as well as feed [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] corn. The same thing happens with every thing we plant. We have planted hundreds of [illegible] fruit trees and next few years they should bear fruit the first time.

"What we hope to [illegible] is not [illegible] the [illegible] land [illegible] better [illegible], but [illegible] our own [illegible]. [illegible] better off than the average Near East villager. We [illegible] the benefits of [illegible] without losing our own way of life."

## Early Snow Launches Migration

It was the middle of August, but [illegible] meadows were already heavy with frost at dawn. Each day the [illegible] morning wind [illegible] the [illegible]. Then one morning we awoke to a light dusting of snow. Gorgul called a meeting [illegible] that evening.

"It looks as if winter is coming early this year," he said. "We should prepare for the migration. We [illegible] ready to start [illegible]."

[illegible] the Kashgais [illegible] the [illegible]. They agreed [illegible] and [illegible] Nasser Khan [illegible] their plan. He returned [illegible] evening, with the [illegible].

"The migration is a dangerous project," Gorgul explained. "In the [illegible] sheep, goats, [illegible] and all their belongings [illegible] the [illegible] miles.

"The move has to be planned like a military operation. The [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] at the same time we [illegible] will be [illegible] animals and [illegible] food and water for the [illegible]. We [illegible] each day [illegible] stop."

[illegible]—warm [illegible] for a [illegible]

climate that drives him to migrate, but economic necessity. His land is too poor to support life on a year-round basis.

The days of preparation were hectic. Everyone worked from dawn until long after dark. Flocks were carefully checked and the weakest sheep butchered for meat. Horses were shod, camels examined for sore backs.

Women mended grain sacks, dismantled looms and carefully packed them in sturdy bundles. Graybeards went from tent to tent, making sure every family was ready. On the last night a great feast was held, with sheep [illegible] and sang around the campfires until midnight.

A bare-skin drum and a surnay furnished the music, a weird, pulsing tune that seemed to go on forever. The surnay player was particularly proud of his ability and brought his long trumpet-shaped instrument close to our ears so we could better appreciate his talents. Habib translated the songs for us. Most of them dealt with Kashgai feats of arms, victories in battle against heavy odds.

The men did all the dancing. The steps were simple, with much whirling. Late in the evening several performers armed themselves with stout sticks and staged mock duels, swinging their weapons in time with the music.

### Camp Disappears as if by Magic

The surnay player had a dramatic role in the breaking of camp next morning. After breakfast, in the first rays of dawn, the camp looked exactly as we had first seen it. Hundreds of tents dotted the valley; sheep huddled together in their pens. Beside Gorgali's big tent stood the musician, atop a low hill commanding the valley. Slowly he raised the big, bazookalike instrument and blew a long, piercing blast (page 806). At the signal, Gorgali's servants pulled the stakes and his tent collapsed. Immediately every family in the tribe struck its own shelter, and the camp disappeared as if by magic.

Rugs were tied into bundles; cooking equipment went into big sacks. Camels grunted angry protests against the big bags of grain lashed to their backs. Donkeys brayed bitterly as they received their loads.

Tents big and small were folded into neat bundles for the pack horses. An hour later a mile-long procession wound down the hill, men on horseback leading the pack animals, women perched high on top of swaying camels, their [illegible] the bobbing [illegible] (page 807). Children rode on donkeys; young men and boys drove the flocks of sheep beside the trail (opposite page).

After an hour we halted to adjust loads, tighten ropes, and make emergency repairs.

"The first day is always slow," Gorgali told us. "Later, we will average 10 or 12 miles a day. We travel three days, then rest one or more, to let the flocks recuperate."

We covered eight miles that day. An hour or so before dusk we stopped beside a stream. Flocks were corralled; camels kneeled to be relieved of their loads. Men and women worked together on the tents, and in an hour a new camp had sprung up. Carpets were spread on the ground, fires lit, and the good smell of roasting meat filled the air.

### Home Is Where Tents Are Pitched

"The best thing about being a nomad," said Gorgali after a good meal, "is that you're always at home." He patted the heavy carpet [illegible] "Wherever my carpet is, there is my home." He smiled. "In the next two months we'll travel 280 miles and be home every night!" (pages 816 and 821).

As we moved slowly southward, other groups joined in the migration. Within a week a majority of the tribe was on the move; one sparkling morning we sat our horses atop a hill and saw the valley below us filled with men and animals. There was no confusion, no crowding as this great tide of men and beasts swept on to warmer pastures (pages 816 and 817).

The march was well organized, but not easy. Animals died or were injured and had to be left by the wayside. Men and beasts became footsore and limped beside the trail. There was a night when, in a narrow pass in the Zagros Mountains, we went to sleep beneath a sky [illegible] after midnight in a howling blizzard. Men and women worked side by side in the bitter cold, calming their frightened flocks, fighting to keep them in make-shift pens.

It was dangerous to remain in the [illegible], for, if the blizzard continued, the snow might drift and block the way. We broke camp in the darkness, packing the stiff wet tents with freezing fingers, and plodded miserably over the rocky trail in the early dawn.

Crossing a rocky, slitlike valley a horse and rider tumbled 60 feet down an abrupt cliff. Its rider stose. The horse struggled, a broken leg sticking out at a crazy angle. We turned our heads as we rode by, while the disconsolate rider sat on the animal's head to calm his struggles while he whetted the knife which would still them forever.

Day after day the migration went on, as it had through history. It was time for us to go. We were nearing Shiraz, where we could board a plane for Tehran. Reluctantly we told Nasser Khan that we must [illegible].

"You must stay one more [illegible]," he said. "Tomorrow night in your honor we will have a

**An Educated Rider Has a Good Seat and Degrees in Agriculture and Law**

Malek Mansur, one of the hereditary chiefs of the Kashgais, is a superb horseman and marksman; he is a graduate of the agricultural college of the University of Reading, England, and holds a degree in law at Oxford. Like other members of the tribe, he has family [illegible]—Malek Mansur uses "Warbeck" as his formal surname. Lesser tribesmen, unable to afford [illegible] hunt without guns. On horseback, they flush the quarry repeatedly until the birds, too tired to fly, can be run down (page 832)

farewell banquet. We will invite kalantars from all the subtribes and have a real Kashgai feast."

### Farewell Banquet—Kashgai Style

Nearly a score of tribal elders sat with us on bright carpets under the big tent for that last feast (pages 824 and 825). Down the center of the white cloth five king-size silver platters were spaced. One held a mixture of rice, fresh vegetables, and plums. Rice with raisins, pistachio nuts, and chicken giblets filled the second. Rice with cherries, lamb and nuts was piled in the third dish; saffron crusted the rice that filled the fourth. The fifth platter was heaped with rice mixed with lamb and breasts of partridges.

Roast lamb, partridge, ibex, and mouflon were piled high on other plates. Cakes made of crushed dates and spices were served as dessert. After dinner I made a brief speech in the limited Turki I had picked up, thanking the Kashgais for their hospitality. It was a sad occasion, for we had come to feel at home with the tribe.

Malek went to a corner of the tent and returned with a beautiful Kashgai carpet, woven in muted shades of rose and blue and old gold. He spread it at our feet.

"This is a Carpet of the Khans," he told [illegible]. "The design is a family [illegible], and [illegible] never produced for sale. My wife worked on this carpet. In the history of our tribe we have given away only two others like it. This is for you and Jean, but it is not a going-away present. Instead it is a gift of welcome. You have become one of us. This is to welcome you into the tribe."

Nasser Khan stood beside us. From his head he took the heavy felt Kashgai cap. Solemnly he put it on my head.

"Now you are a Kashgai," he said. "When next you come to our tents it will not be a visit, but a homecoming. Our tents are your homes. And where you spread your Kashgai carpet, there will be your Kashgai home."

# Graduation by Parachute

## For Navy Girls at Lakehurst, New Jersey, Commencement Is a Serious Step—and a Long One

By John E. Fletcher

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*

ON A LONG, narrow table in front of Patricia Irwin lay 88 square yards of billowing white nylon cloth. This was the outfit she would wear tomorrow at her graduation exercises. Today she was smoothing and folding it as carefully as if her life depended upon it.

Tomorrow her life *would* depend upon it. For other students across the country, graduation exercises might mean speeches, flowers, processions in caps and gowns. But Pat Irwin, to graduate, would have to jump headfirst out of a plane hurtling through the air at 2,800 feet.

No, the United States is not training female paratroopers. Airman Pat Irwin, a Wave, is one of about ten women trained by the United States Navy each year, along with more than 400 men, in the Parachute Rigger School at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey.

### One Mistake Could Be the Last

Parachute riggers are the highly trained specialists who fold, pack, air, inspect, repair, and otherwise take care of the Navy's more than 30,000 parachutes now on "active duty." Any one of these parachutes may be called into use at any hour. When it is, it will mean the difference between life and death. Riggers *can't* make mistakes.

I had visited Lakehurst earlier to watch Pat Irwin as she studied the science of parachutes: how they are made, how they work, how to use them. Now, as graduation approached, I was here to watch her jump wearing a chute she herself had packed. This is the Navy's way of ensuring that its Parachute Rigger Airmen understand the importance of their work.

No one would urge Pat Irwin to jump, or push her from the plane if she lost her nerve. Keeping her nerve would depend on her confidence in the chute she was now folding. At her side worked another Wave, Sheila Rourke, her classmate and friend, who would also jump tomorrow. Together they folded the nylon canopy and its 28 suspension lines into a bundle 24 by 12 by 5 inches. Then they fitted it into a container and fastened the whole unit with three steel metal pins. From these pins an all-important wire led to the rip-cord handle.

The last thing to go into the pack was the pilot chute, equipped with a self-contained spring (page 839). Tomorrow, when Pat pulled the rip cord, the pilot chute would pop out into the air, open immediately, and begin its work of pulling out the main canopy.

The whole folding job took Pat and Sheila about 45 minutes. Some of their instructors, with years of experience, can do it in 5.

Pat, a native of Tulsa, Oklahoma, came to Lakehurst after completing an aviation course at Jacksonville, Florida. Sheila, originally from Cosmopolis, Washington, had also been trained at Jacksonville. Like all the other riggers, both had volunteered for parachute work.

### Every Airman Must Wear a Chute

The Parachute Rigger School at Lakehurst was set up in 1924, after the Navy had issued a regulation requiring all its airmen to wear parachutes at all times while flying. The first class, 11 students, studied only the packing and care of parachutes. By the time Pat and Sheila arrived last year, however, the course had been expanded to include considerably more than that.

In their 15 weeks of training the girls studied such things as the uses of oxygen in high-altitude flying; life rafts and survival equipment (which are often dropped by parachute); sewing and repairing of parachutes. As a preliminary to the final jump, they also took a 20-hour course in tumbling (page 838).

They learned that in basic principle the parachute had changed little since it was designed by the painter and scientist Leonardo da Vinci about four and a half centuries ago. Da Vinci's parachute remained only a curiosity for nearly 400 years. Its first successful emergency use was by a Polish balloonist in 1808, but not until World War I was its real value recognized.

Early parachutists jumped with their parachutes buckled in their arms, or, in some cases, packed in [illegible] and [illegible] balloon. In 1919 the present type of free-fall, pack-contained chute was developed, and technical improvements have continued steadily since then.

Until recent years parachutes were made of silk and were susceptible to rot, mildew, and destructive stain. Today every thread, stitch,

and scrap of material, except hardware, is made of nylon, which resists almost everything except heat.

Even greater changes in parachute operation are taking place as a result of the development of high-speed, high-altitude jet planes.*

Flying at moderate speeds and at altitudes where there is enough oxygen to breathe, a normal person can safely jump from a plane, pull his rip cord, and float down.

But what about a jet pilot flying, say, 500 miles an hour? His ejection seat will explode him from the plane, but the parachute can't be opened at once. If it were, it might tear apart; even if it didn't, the sudden shock of opening could seriously injure the pilot. And if a pilot opens his chute much higher than about 25,000 feet altitude, he may freeze to death or die of lack of oxygen before he can reach the earth.

Navy and Air Force research teams have already solved some of these problems. Standard equipment in high-altitude flying, for instance, are parachutes in which the rip cord is actuated by a device that opens the canopy automatically at 15,000 feet.

Under normal conditions, the students learned, the great enemy of parachutes and of the men who use them is moisture. A damp parachute won't open quickly.

When a rigger has finished his course and is assigned to a station, an important part of his routine work is airing parachutes in special temperature- and humidity-controlled lockers (page 836).

Properly cared for, a parachute is good for as many as 100 jumps.

### Jump Day—and Jumpy Nerves

J Day began at 7:30 a.m. The students—there were 48 in the class jumping that day—showed their nervousness in different ways. One complained of butterflies in the stomach. Another, a girl, remarked that she "felt like Christmas." Still another complained she hadn't been able to find the eyelets when she laced up her boots that morning.

But Irwin was surer of herself than most. "I know I'll be scared to death," she said, "but I'll be stubborn enough to go through with it."

If some student did lose his nerve and fail to jump—and this has happened—it would constitute no disgrace. And, by long tradition, the incident would never be mentioned by others at the school.

Most of the students knew about the case of Airman X, a would-be rigger who went up doggedly on 16 consecutive "jump days." Each time, until the final minute, he was sure "this time I'll do it." He hasn't done it yet.

They were also familiar with the story of student R., a bride of a few weeks, who was a month to complete the course. On J Day her husband waited on the ground, camera in hand, to get a picture they would someday show their grandchildren. He stood patiently through eight planeloads of jumpers, but never got the picture of his wife "hitting the silk"—because she never jumped.

But, like her fellow students, had drawn a number to indicate her plane and her turn to jump. She drew place 7 (out of 8) in the first plane.

Parachutes were strapped on and checked. The one she had packed was on her back, another in front just in case. Then she was ready to board the plane, a twin-engined R4D.

### Experts Make Fancy Dives

As they roared down the runway, Pat, thin-lipped and determined, looked at her fellow students to see if their facial expressions matched the feeling in the pit of her stomach. She was relieved to see that they did.

Only the instructors, sitting one between each two students, looked calm. They must make at least one jump every 60 days to retain their classification as Parachutist, which brings them $60 a month extra pay.

After the first 20 or 30 times, jumping becomes routine. One of the Lakehurst instructors, a chief petty officer named, appropriately, J. R. Van Landingham, got so bored after 30 jumps that he started practicing fancy dives while he fell through the air. He now amuses himself, and gives onlookers jet pilots, by going through a graceful one-and-a-half twist or a couple of full gainers on the way down.

But for the students, as the plane rose, so did the tension. Bill Begley, the jump master, lay on the floor of the plane, staring intently through the gaping hole where a door had been removed to facilitate jumping (page 841).

His job was to put the jumpers out where they would land in the "jump circle," an area cleared of trees and obstructions. As the plane made a preliminary pass over the circle, one man, an experienced parachutist, jumped. He was the "spotter." By watching his fall, the jump master could judge wind currents and drift.

### Over the Circle and Out the Door

The plane turned and headed back over the circle. Bill got up from his position on the floor.

"Coming on the range!" he shouted. The students stood up, every eye on the jump master. He stood near the opening, one arm

* See "Flying in the 'Blue-yonder' Era," by Frederick H. Rohrbaugh, National Geographic Magazine, September, 1950.

Lakehurst Waves Attend Class to Learn ABC's of Parachute Operation

[illegible]

[illegible] above her head, grabbing the arm [illegible].

Pat felt herself moving rapidly toward the [illegible] saw the opening [illegible] before her and [illegible] herself [illegible] into nothingness.

When the [illegible] stopped [illegible] before her eyes, she was [illegible] down in the [illegible] than [illegible] she had ever [illegible]. [illegible] the [illegible] to her [illegible] she had [illegible].

As she floated downward, the Wave looked at the [illegible] which [illegible] pulling. Her [illegible] were [illegible]. She had dropped the [illegible]. [illegible] would have to stand [illegible] the [illegible], that [illegible].

In what seemed like [illegible] seconds [illegible] the ground was rushing up at her. As it [illegible] the [illegible] of her feet, Pat remembered [illegible] roll forward as she had been taught. [illegible] were [illegible] her up [illegible] and others were helping her unbuckle the harness still holding her to the collapsed [illegible].

An hour later the [illegible] By the end of the day the U. S. Navy had [illegible] new Lakehurst [illegible] on its rolls [illegible] Wave [illegible]

**Navy Parachutes Get a Monthly Airing on a Dry Lake**

[illegible]

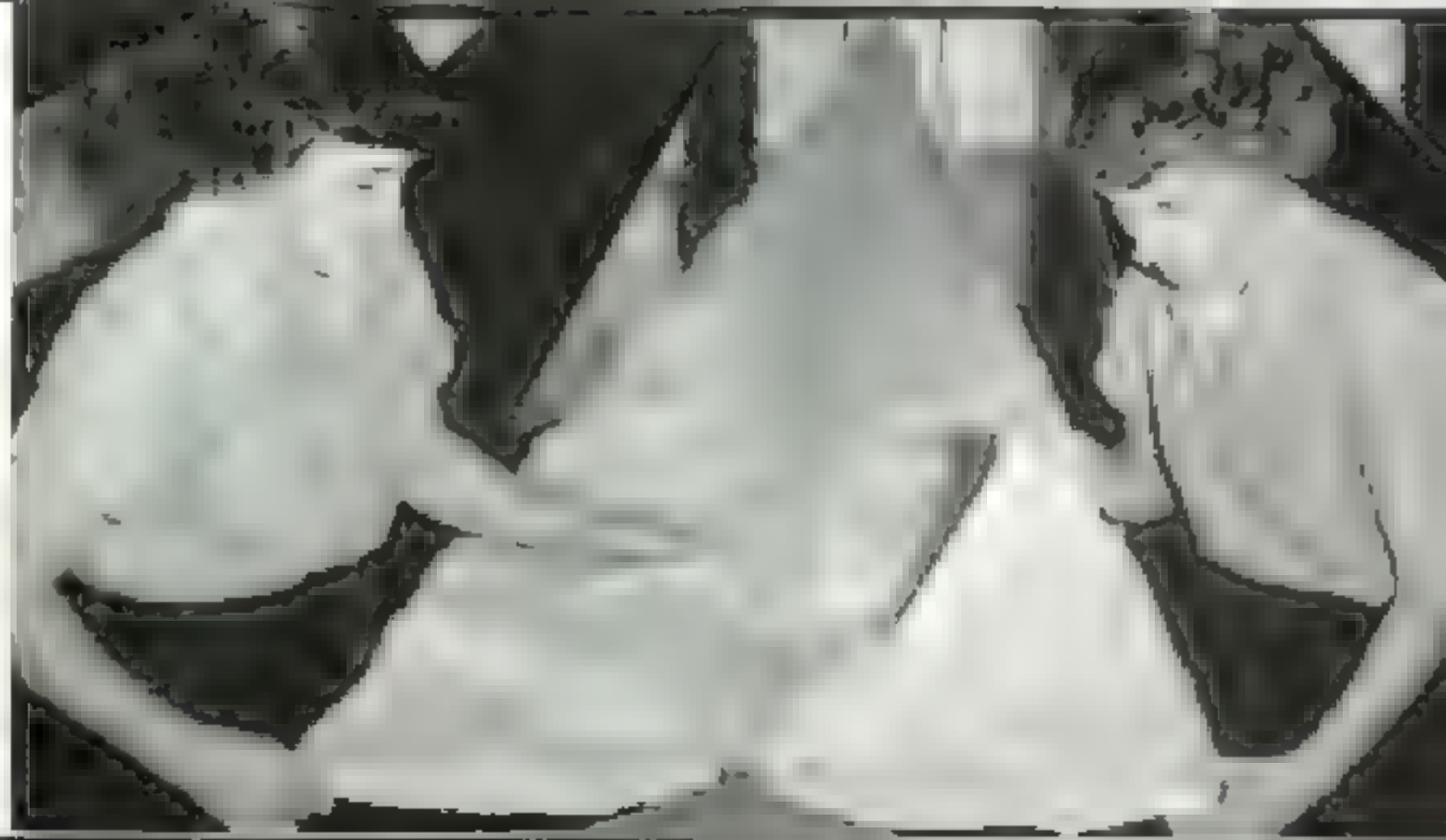
**Pat and Classmates Watch an Instructor as He Chases a Chute**

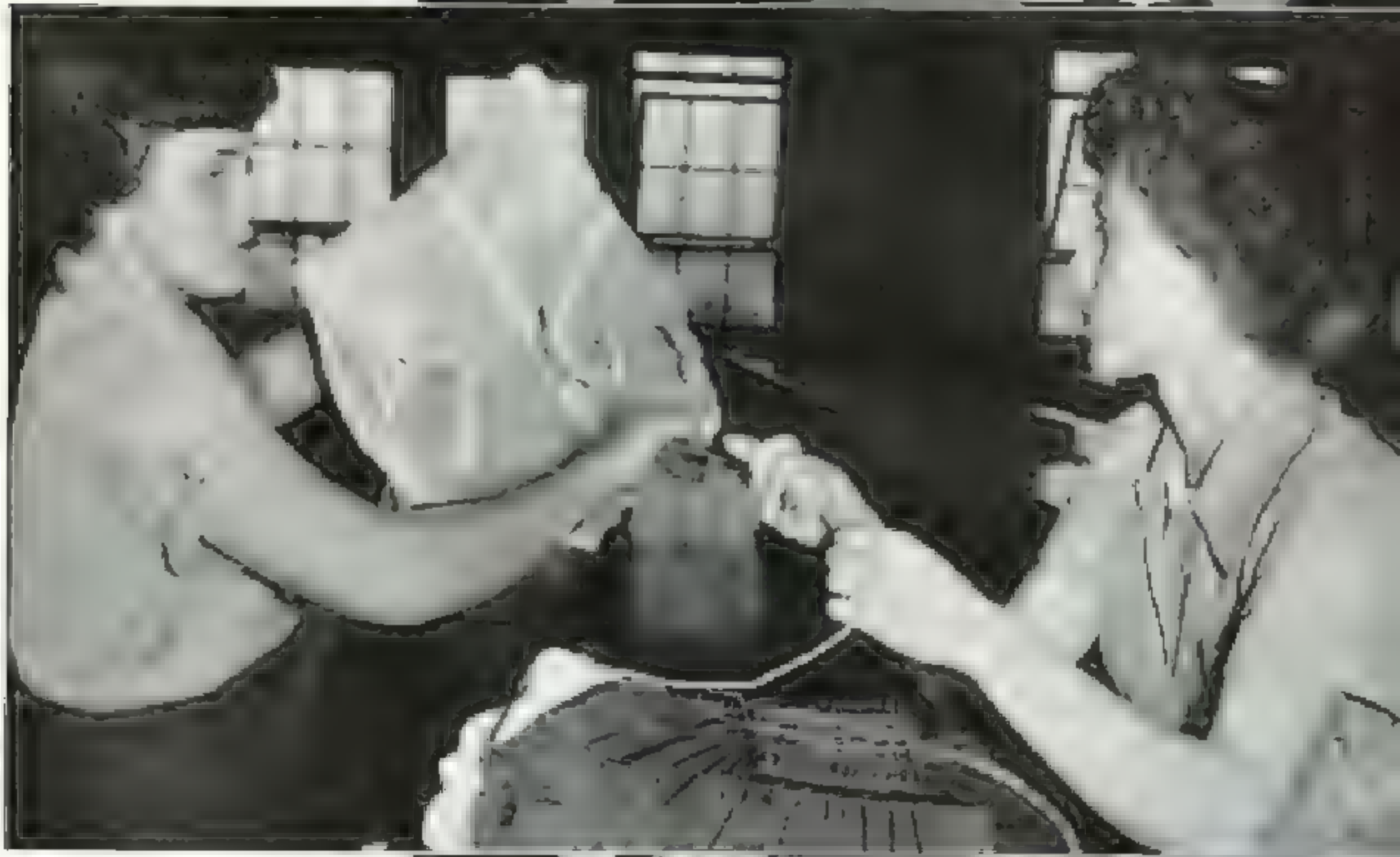
[illegible]

**Learning to Dance For Irwin Dillon's 1-foot Jump. Later It Will Be 2,500 Feet**

### Pat Cummins Comes Before Pat Kelly

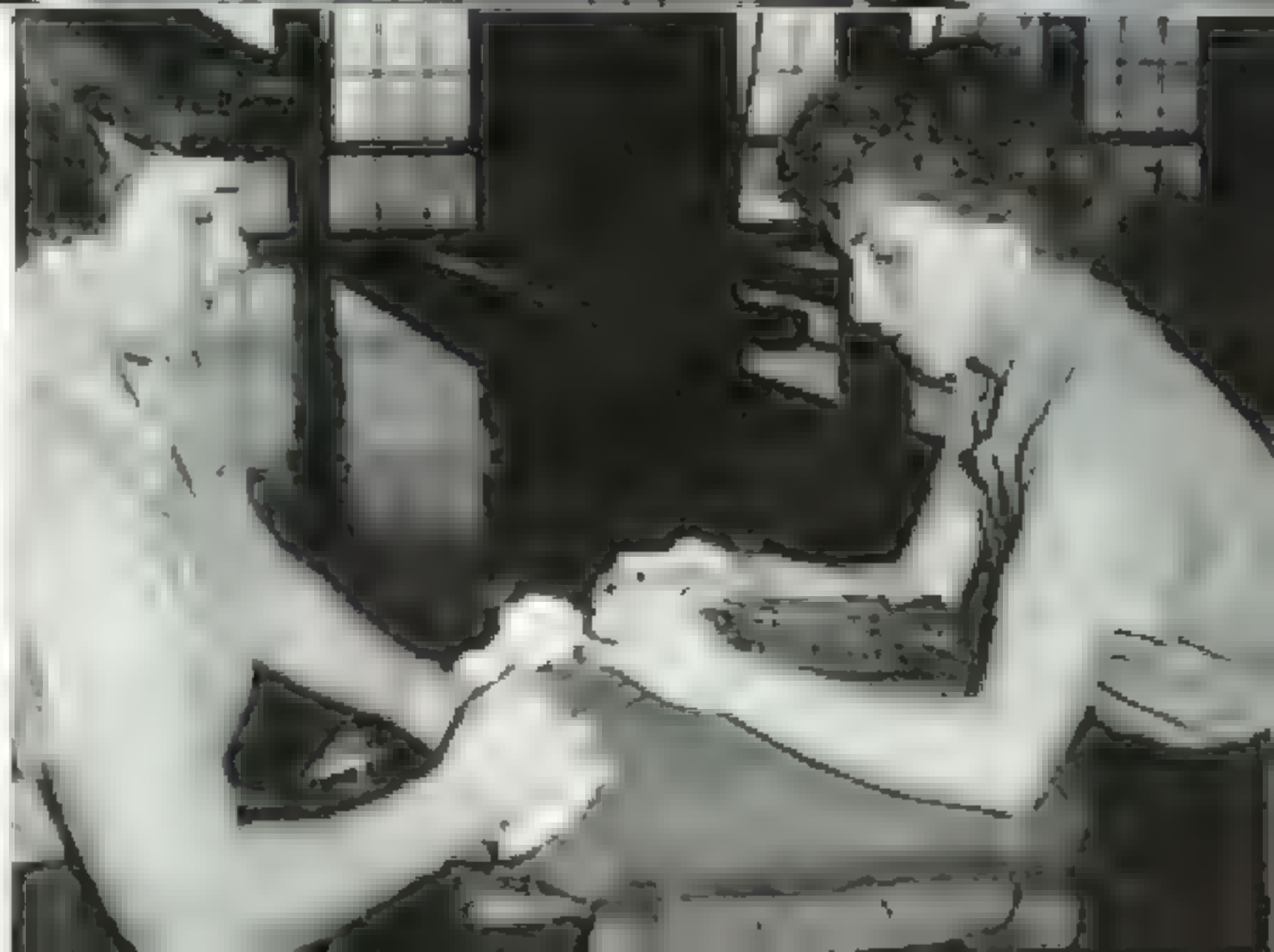
[illegible]

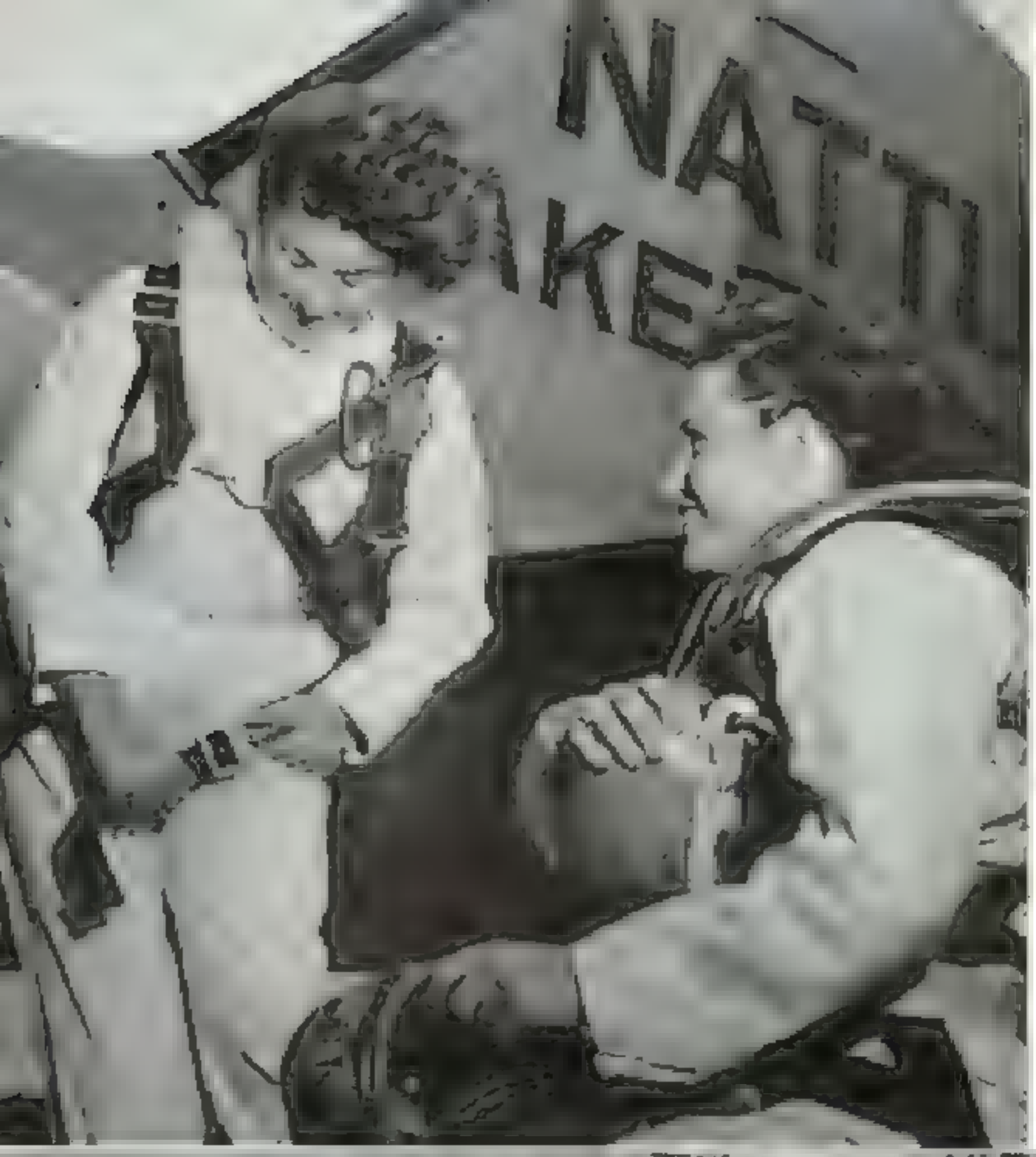




### The Filter Cheats Goes In Least, Comes Out First

[illegible]






## Get Ready . . .

[illegible]

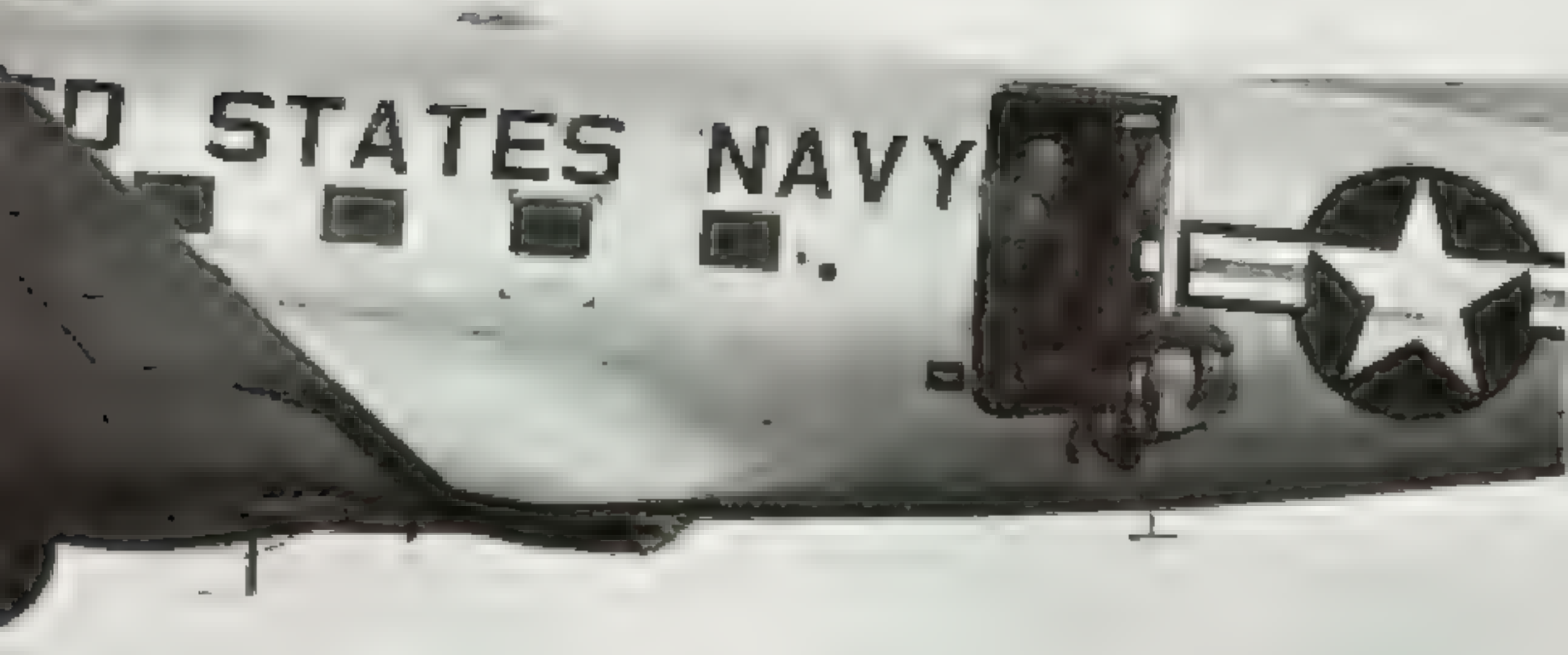
## Stand By . . .

[illegible]

## . . . Go!

[illegible]


S NAVY
LK-


D STATES NAVY

## • Students Escape from Plane Clutching Rip Cords in Both Hands. • One Pulled Too Soon

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Photo-sec of Jumpers Going Floating Down at Lunsburst Graduation Day

[illegible] A student instructor below her gauges downward speed before opening his chute, while the [illegible]

[illegible] as the earth rushes up at him, "bilges" his parachute or pulling the abrupt lines. Just in front [illegible] catches the gulled breeze; a stiff wind would jerk him off his feet.

[illegible] 15 [illegible] Two parachutes used by earlier jumpers are shown [illegible]

**Sand Pat Iron After Her First Jump: "It Was Terrific! I'd Like to Do It Again!"**

[illegible]

# Southwest Asia Again Makes History

## New National Geographic Map Shows Where Modern Crises Erupt Among Scenes of Man's Earliest Civilizations

Without the arts of writing, geography, arithmetic, and the wheel, all invented or first used in Southwest Asia, the map of that vital area which accompanies this issue of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE could never have been compiled, printed, and distributed.

More than 2,000,000 copies of the National Geographic Society's timely new 10-color map of Southwest Asia (and including most of Egypt, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Ethiopia in Africa) have been printed for the benefit of The Society's members throughout the world.*

Viewed down the vista of history, no area on earth is as important as this, for here our history began. Here a stylus first marked Mesopotamian mud tablets with ancient records and laws in wedgelike script. Here the intricacies of thought and the rhythms of poetry were recorded on Egyptian papyrus or the parchment of Pergamum (Bergama) in present-day Turkey. Here the granddaddy of all known maps was incised on Mesopotamian clay 4,500 years ago.

Southwest Asia was not only the nursery of our civilization but also our linguistic printer. Be it Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Hindi, or Urdu, Southwest Asia gave things their names, gave thought its vocabulary.

Even the heavens yielded up their secrets to the inquiring mind of ancient man. Here the swing of our sphere around the sun was first measured; here the seasons were tamed to almanac and calendar.

No other area has been such a laboratory of human geography. Here man and environment have wrestled in some of the earth's most fertile valleys and most forbidding deserts, since history began.

### Science Pushes History Backward

On the shores of the Caspian Sea, beside Mesopotamia's twin rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, on the storied shores of the Nile, and along present Pakistan's northwest frontier, the horizon of history is being pushed steadily back by deep-digging archeologists.

At Jarmo, 30 miles east of Kirkuk, archeologists of the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute believe they have found the earliest human settlement so far discovered. They estimate that this "world's oldest village" thrived between 5000 and 6000 B. C.

This vast region between the Western Desert in Egypt and the Chindwin Valley of Burma is a land of extremes: among the richest and poorest, highest and lowest, driest and wettest.

In Arabia's Empty Quarter, even a vulture would have to carry a canteen—and every camel does. In parts of Assam, enough rain falls in a year to float the largest U. S. Navy aircraft carrier, fully loaded, with room to spare beneath her keel. In one bumper year, 1861, there was more than twice that much—1,041.78 inches.

Curving around the northern frontiers of India and Pakistan, the highest mountains on earth isolate India more surely than do its seas. Through the passes have moved mighty armies, tribesmen's annual forays for food, and sun-helmeted explorers seeking Lhasa in the vast, silent seclusion of Tibet, now in the hands of Red China.

Only the finding of the frozen bodies of two British mountain climbers, last seen nearing Mount Everest's summit in 1924, may reveal whether its 29,002-foot pinnacle has yet been conquered by man.

A tiny blue spot, partly hidden by the magic name "Jerusalem," marks the deepest dimple in the face of Mother Earth, and a salty, scabrous dimple it is.

Like a syrup kettle in a Vermont maple sugar camp, the Dead Sea contains a thick fluid from which the water of ages has been evaporated. A cruel sun focuses its unclouded glare into a desolate depression nearly a quarter of a mile below sea level and five and three-quarter miles lower than Mount Everest's lonely peak.

### Five Faiths Began Here

Mighty as are Nature's forces, they are matched by man's desire to fathom them and to worship their Creator. No great religion on earth is alien to this area. Most were born here. Buddha grew up on the foothills of the Himalayas. Hindustan's sacred Ganges, flowing past the bathing ghats of Banaras (Benares), bears away the ashes of Hindus of many castes. Abraham's Ur and Hebron, Jesus' Bethlehem and Golgotha, Mohammed's Mecca and Medina are near neighbors in this southwest part of Asia.

In the small inset map, the breadth of the Moslem world is compared to the relatively tiny size of Texas. Roughly one man out of

* [illegible] map of Southwest Asia, India, Pakistan, and Northeast Africa (and of all standard maps published by The Society) by writing to the National Geographic Society, Washington 6, D. C. Prices in United States and elsewhere, 50¢ each on paper; $1 on fabric; India 25¢. All remittances payable in U. S. funds. Postpaid

every four on earth lives in the area shown by the main map. Every day more than a third of these bow toward Mecca, the lodestone of 370,000,000 human compasses magnetized by the testimony: "God is great. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet. Come to prayer!"

In Turkey the Faithful face south, in Ethiopia north, in Libya east, and in the Philippines west.

### Mecca Once Center of Idol Worship

Focus of millions of prayers is the Kaaba at Mecca, once a pagan shrine. In the year 622 Mohammed was forced to flee from Mecca, then a center of idol worship. Today Moslems date their era from that flight, or Hegira. To them, September 21, 1957, is the first day of 1377 A. H. (Anno Hegirae, Year of the Hegira). Since their lunar year is about 11 days shorter than our solar cycle, the Moslems have gained 42 years since the Hegira.

In areas colored green on the inset map, six men out of seven are Moslems. In Albania, Syria, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Sinkiang, Malaya, and British Borneo, a majority consider the Koran as the Word of God. Inside the Soviet border, which cuts across the map from Rumania to Sinkiang, the republics of Azerbaijan, the Turkmen, Uzbeks, Kazakhs, Tadzhiks, and Kirgiz are predominantly Moslem. In the yellow area, in which from 5 percent to 50 percent are Moslems, numbers run into many millions. By special permission this inset map is based on the excellent [illegible] *History*, by Dr. Harry W. Hazard of [illegible] University.

In an area of many diverse peoples, Islam proved a unifying force. It enabled men of many tongues to gather in Mecca and intone the same sacred syllables that Moslems believe came from the throne of Allah.

[illegible] recorded in potsherds or in the technical tomes of anthropologist and archeologist, mankind here is still in a state of flux.

### The Three Easts: Near, Middle, and Far

Until regional commands in global war spread their terminology over the earth, the west half of Southwest Asia was known as the Near East. This was to distinguish it from the Far East, toward which Marco Polo turned Europe's curious eyes even as the Crusades faded out.

Later the term "Middle East" was coined, and the armies of Britain's Middle East Command in World War II included sharp-shouldered recruits from Bengal's jute swamps and mustachioed warriors from Rajasthan.

National Geographic Society cartographers include Turkey, Cyprus, Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan, Iraq, Iran, Egypt, and all the states, sultanates, protectorates, and sheikdoms of Arabia in the Near East.

Under the term "Middle East" are grouped Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim, and Ceylon.

When the Suez Canal was opened, it was to facilitate mail and cargo service between industrial Europe and the raw materials of Asia. To fuel the steamers, coal heavers at Port Said developed a linked chain which foiled the ships as smoothly as an endless belt. Now fuel is itself a cargo. Tankers carry it from the Persian Gulf to an oil-thirsty world. Almost one-sixth of the world's oil now comes from Near East wells.

In 1923 the first motorcar triumphed over the Syrian Desert between Damascus and Baghdad, a feat which led to the organization of a trans-desert service. In 1940 a 1,068 mile pipe line began to spew forth its oily flow into steamers near the ancient port of Sidon. On the new map, a beaded blue line marks its route from Abqaiq to the Mediterranean shore of Lebanon, the Phoenicia of ancient times.

### Five Lines Lie Under Camel Routes

Alternate sizes of American-made pipe—so that the 30-inch could be telescoped inside the 31-inch for transport—have been X rayed for faults, smeared with such Hermen as called Moses' basket amid the bulrushes, and buried in part in a machine-dug trench through wastes where only camel pads had trod.

Where inflated skins once floated tribesmen and early English travelers down the Euphrates, passenger airplanes now thread the skies. Airports on Beirut's red sands, Damascus' desert, Basra's palm-fringed plain, and Bahrein's flats welcome planes from points [illegible] Magellan, and many another navigator tried to reach over seaways.

The mechanical birds fly above ancient barriers of sea and mountains, but the quest is still the same. For in the east dwell millions of humble folk, patient enough to gather jute and rubber, rice and tea. And to the west lie the busy factories of Europe, hungry for raw materials, eager for markets.

Railway, road, canal, oil field, and pipe line mark the petty conquests man has made in his ancient home. But as the monsoon sweeps in across the Indian Ocean and the dust storm blankets the golden domes of Baghdad's Kazimain, Mother Earth is still the master. She still sets forth the glory of gem, the reward of food, the challenge of unclimbed peak. She still starves her children, sweats the brow of struggling man, and arouses the passions of men and nations.

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

SIXTEENTH AND M STREETS NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



ORGANIZED FOR "THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF GEOGRAPHIC KNOWLEDGE"

[illegible] purposes for which the Society was founded [illegible] Articles and pictures are desired. For material the Magazine [illegible] generous remuneration is made.

In addition to the editorial and photographic surveys now [illegible] being made, the Society has sponsored [illegible] under [illegible] which improved [illegible] work to achieve their objectives.

The Society's notable expeditions have pushed back the bounds [illegible] the world's oceans. Thanks to [illegible] the Atlantic [illegible] most economical [illegible] Britain in that [illegible]

Mission. The Society has [illegible] Southeastern Indian [illegible] the [illegible] work of man in the [illegible] This place of stone is [illegible] Northwestern [illegible] more anything [illegible] in America and [illegible] great center of early American culture presumably [illegible]

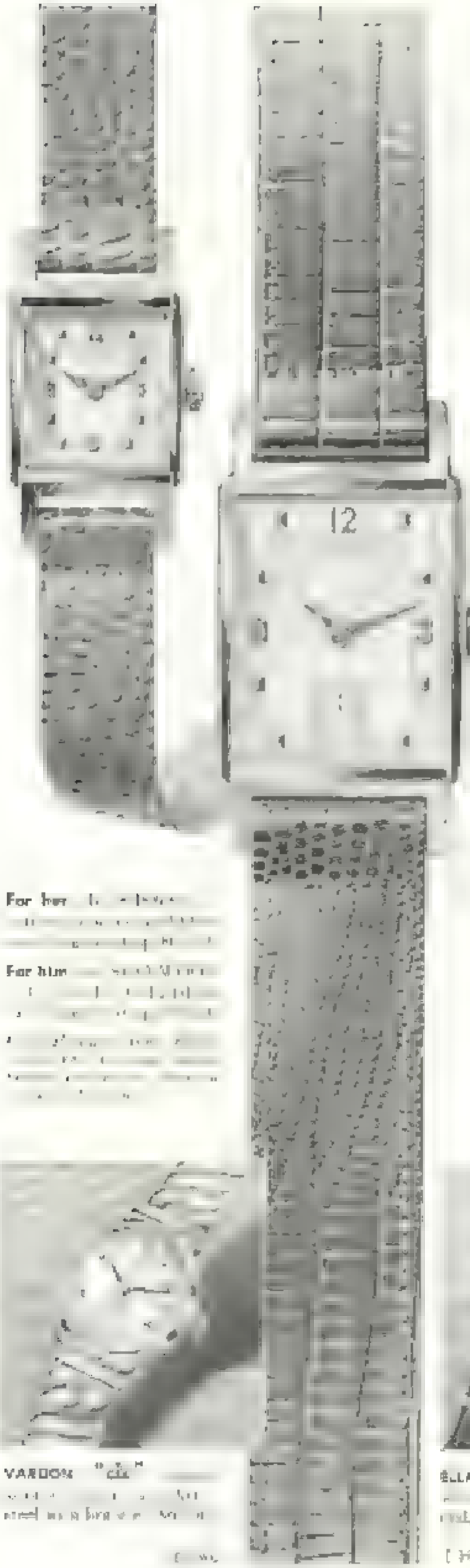
[illegible] U. S. Army Air Corps, the world's first [illegible] Barbour, Engineer M. [illegible] Lieut. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. [illegible] A. Anderson took about in the gondola [illegible] of scientific experiments and obtained results of [illegible] value.

A notable undertaking in the history of astronomy was launched in July by the Society in cooperation with the Palomar Observatory of the California Institute of Technology. This project will require four years to photograph [illegible] of space and will provide the first sky atlas for observations all over the world.

In 1948 the Society sent out several expeditions to apply the [illegible] from Burma to the Aleutians. Two of these projects helped to map geodetic surveys of North America and Asia.

The Society granted [illegible] in grants-in-aid for [illegible] to be presented for the Antarctic [illegible] the Great Forest of Sequoia National Park of California.

One of the world's largest [illegible] and glacial [illegible] in Alaska [illegible] National Wildlife [illegible] The Society and the [illegible]



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**VARDON** "[illegible]" [illegible]

**ELLA** [illegible] [illegible]

**JUNE** [illegible] [illegible]

**SCOTT** [illegible] [illegible]

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**HIDDEN SECRETS OF LONGER LIFE.** [illegible]

When Mr. Kennedy left his position as an industrial foreman he and his wife wanted to retire to a mild, sunny climate and a life free of responsibilities. They found all that and more at Solana y Sombra Trailer Estates, a beautiful 18-acre site in one of Tucson's finest residential districts, set against a magnificent panorama of the Santa Catalinas. Here the Kennedys enjoy the outdoor life they love—fishing, golf, swimming—whatever they please. Their TCMA mobile coach is parked on one of the generous 70' x 50' lots surrounding the landscaped Center Circle and its recreational facilities. As you would expect, this ideal park has attracted a congenial group of retired doctors, lawyers, ranchers, manufacturers and businessmen.

**"HOUSEKEEPING IS SO EASY",** says Mrs. Kennedy. "An hour's work does it, and I'm free. The wonderful new appliances—electric refrigerator, gas stove and disposal unit—and lots of storage space simplify everything. Now I have retired, too."

**RELAXED IN THEIR COMFORTABLE LIVING ROOM,** the Kennedys talk golf. Evenings Mr. Kennedy pursues his hobby of making wood models (opposite), the [illegible] work on itself. "Thoroughly converted to trailer life," both say. "We have the freedom to roam the country or stay in a beautiful place like this. We never want to go back to living in apartments or conventional homes".

**THE CENTER CIRCLE BARBECUE PIT** [illegible] they have found the perfect way [illegible]

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[illegible] — and the [illegible] to its surface without scratch [illegible].

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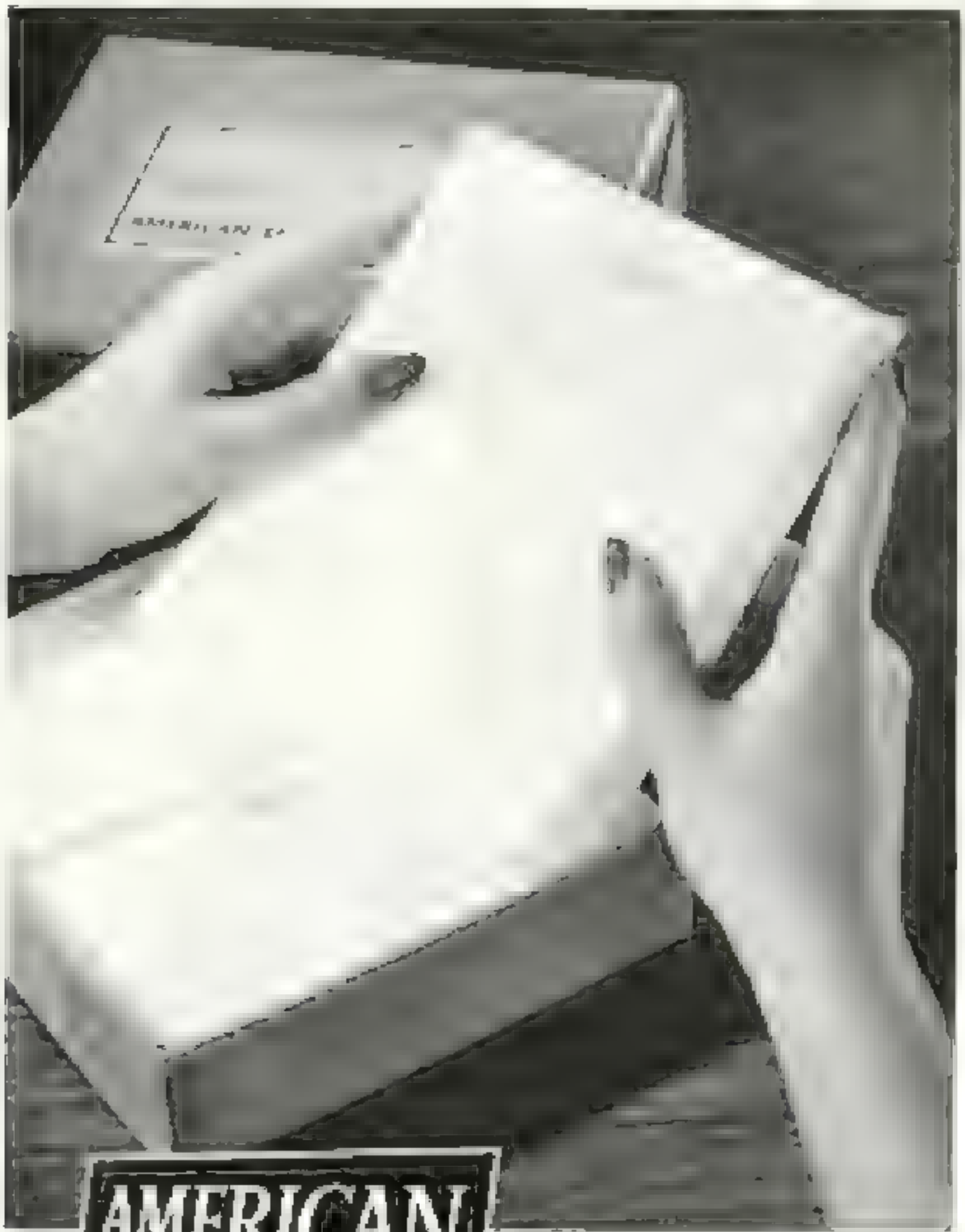
[illegible] only a few ways to [illegible] such fine paper — [illegible]



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Shown at left. 200 NOTE SHEETS [illegible] and 100 NEAT, [illegible] ENVELOPES [illegible] $1.00

**ENVELOPE PACKAGE**

200 ENVELOPES [illegible] — envelopes [illegible] Standard Package [illegible] $1.00

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[illegible] LETTER SHEETS [illegible] $2.00

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And what a difference good vision makes!

A new confidence in driving, new assurance at work, a new zest for sports, television, reading, movies, and the countless, eye-filling pleasures of modern life.

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On the road, the beach, in the mountains ... wherever there's blinding glare ... [illegible] sunglasses. But be sure they are good ones, equipped with distortion-free, optically ground, [illegible] quality lenses ... It's smart and safe to have these made to your individual prescription. Your eyes and your nerves will thank you.

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Only when she purposely reveals her tiny Sonotone receiver would anyone notice that she's hard of hearing.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that hearing problems [illegible]

[illegible] professional [illegible] hearing [illegible] for a Certified Sonotone Consultant. In time, he follows standard practices [illegible] professional [illegible]

[illegible] Sonotone [illegible] from which to select the correct hearing aid for each individual case.

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[illegible] will receive careful and [illegible] attention in the privacy of his Sonotone [illegible] in your own home. A [illegible] will cost you nothing [illegible]

Why don't you phone the nearest Sonotone [illegible] today?

- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]

*put between adjoin to reduce the trouble of clothing*

# SONOTONE

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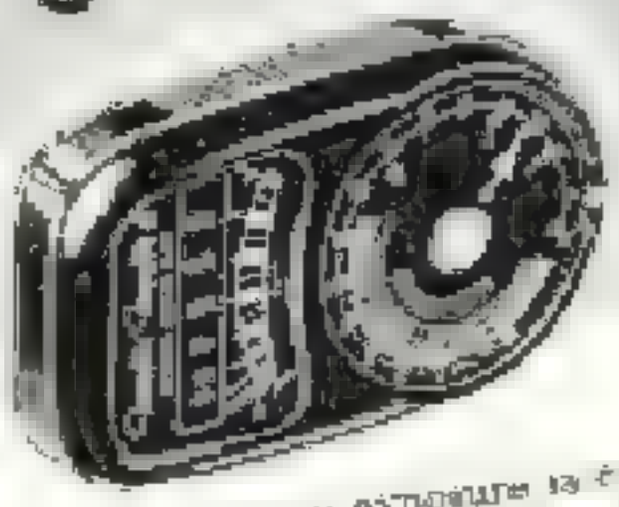

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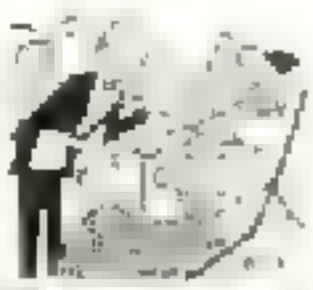

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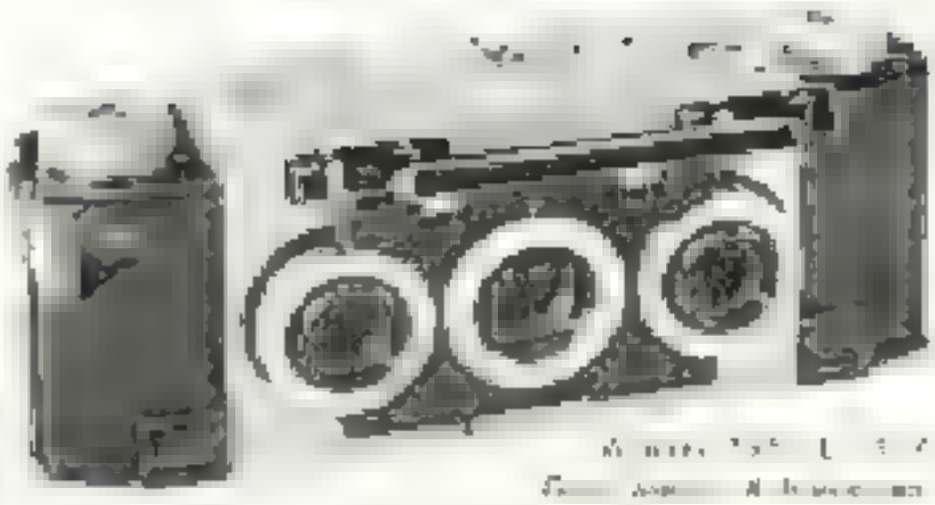

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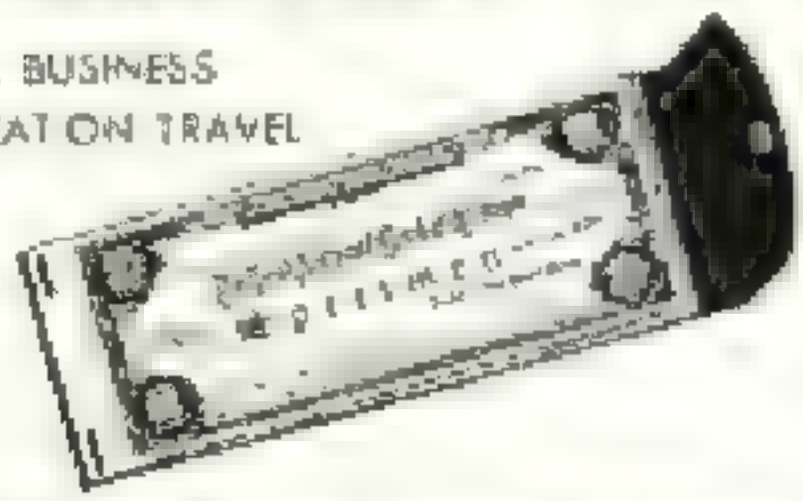

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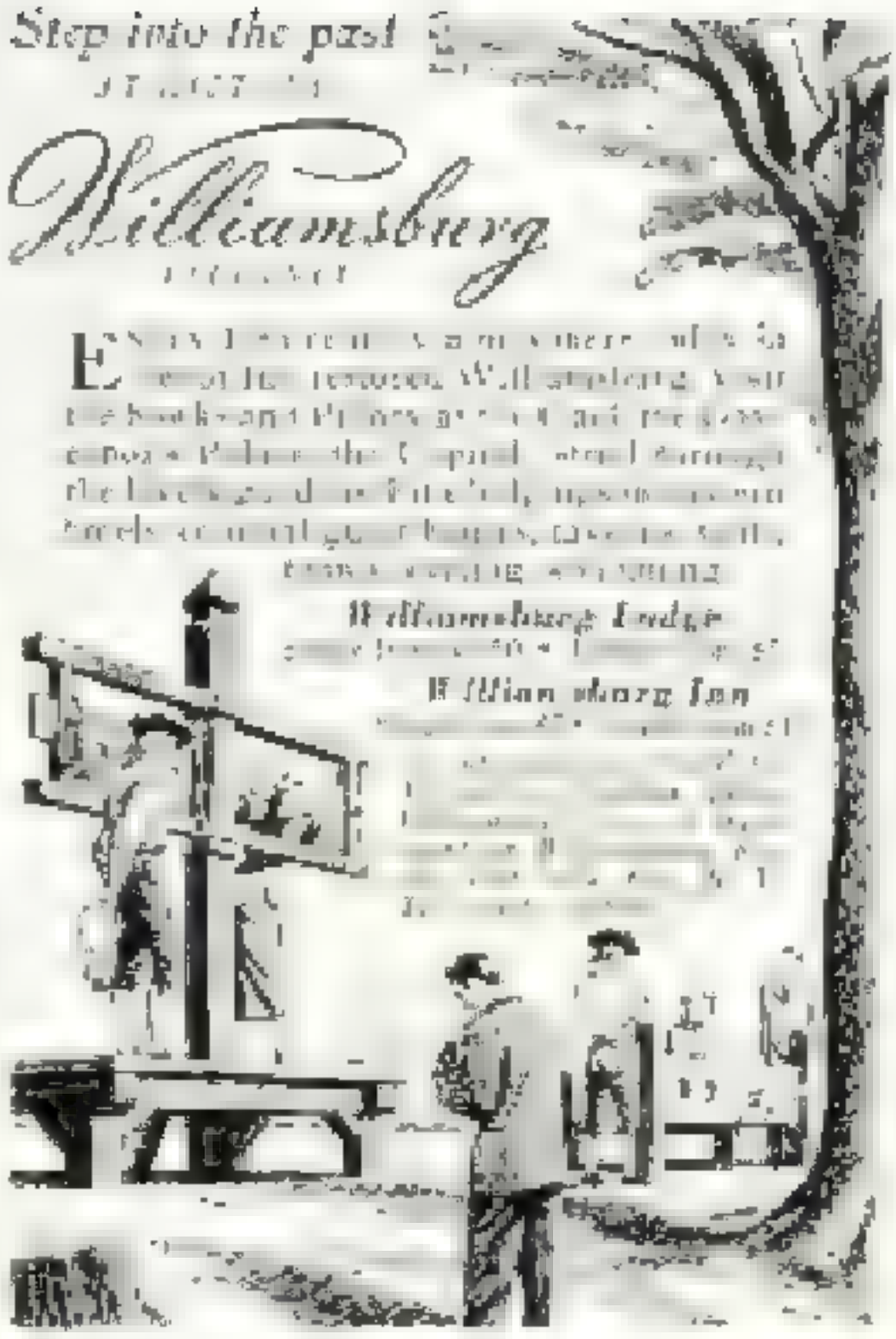

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Specialists agree that a healthy adjustment to life often depends on how the child's emotional needs are met. They say that if the usual anxieties and conflicts of early life are dealt with patiently and sympathetically, the child will be better prepared to meet troublesome situations in later years in a mature way.

Of course, all children experience some of these notional problems of growth. If, however, a persistent behavior problem develops, the help of a specialist may be advisable.

Periodic medical check-ups are also important in maintaining *all-round health* among very young children. These give the doctor a chance to detect both physical and emotional difficulties early, and to give treatment or advice when it will be most effective.

## For the child's emotional well-being

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